THE WIT's MAGAZINE;

OR, NEW

Convivial Jester.

CONTAINING A

SELECT COLLECTION of PLEASING

BON MOTS,	IRISH BULLS,
HUMOROUS TALES,	SMART REPARTEES,
LIVELY JESTS,	DROLL EPIGRAMS,
SINGULAR CHARACTERS,	AND FUNNY EPITAPHS.

Interſperſed with many curious ANECDOTES

OF THE

WITS OF THE LAST AND PRESENT AGE;

VIZ.

Addiſon, Pope, Steele, Swift, Cheſterfield, Churchill, Smollet, Johnſon, Garrick, Quin, Foote, &c.

Not publiſhed in any other Collection.

BEING A REPOSITORY OF

GENUINE WIT and HUMOUR,

CALCULATED FOR

Enlivening a Social Hour, and promoting inoffenſive Mirth.

PRINTED

FOR AND SOLD BY JAMES GRAHAM, BOOKSELLER, HIGH-STREET, SUNDERLAND.

MDCCLXXXII.

17 NOV 1961

PREFACE.

THAT CHEARFULNESS or MIRTH, as a relaxation from the cares and buſineſs of the world, is as neceſſary for the proper exiſtence of man through life, almoſt as food to ſatisfy the cravings of hunger, or ſleep to reſt the weary limbs, and fit the body for a renewal of the toil and fatigues of the day, will not admit of the ſmalleſt dubity:—And indeed there is a time or SEASON allowed for it, even by the Writers of the DIVINE ORACLES.—But then it muſt be MIRTH of a refined, inoffenſive, innocent kind.——It will alſo be allowed, that no BOOK can be ſo productive of this kind of mirth, as a properly ſelected one of lively JESTS, humorous TALES, curious ANECDOTES, *&c.* compiled with that reſpect which is always due to DECENCY and the MORALS of YOUTH.—VICE already reigns predominant in the hearts of mankind; therefore, there is very little need of OBSCENE Books to forward its progreſs in inflaming the paſſions.

But ſuch, too truly, hath hitherto been the caſe.—And, indeed, it is a very hard matter, amongſt the innumerable productions of this denomination that daily ſwarm from the Preſs, to find one not interlarded or pregnant with ſtories of a moſt pernicious, obſcene, indecent tendency.

The EDITOR of this Collection, has long, with regret, beheld this too general grievance; and to remedy the defect, has extracted, with much care, from every Book of JESTS that has made its appearance, PIECES of real WIT and HUMOUR,—and now offers it to the PUBLIC entirely diveſted of every blemiſh of the kind:——Wherein, he hopes, not even the eye of PURITY nor ear of MODESTY will meet with any thing offenſive.

THE

WIT's MAGAZINE, &c.

THE late Mr Charles Yorke being returned a member for the univerſity of Cambridge, as he was going round the ſenate, to thank thoſe who had voted for him, ſaid to one Mr P—, who is noted (even to a proverb) for having the largeſt and moſt hideous ugly face that ever was ſeen, "Sir, I have great reaſon to be thankful to my friends in general; but I confeſs myſelf under a particular obligation to you, for the very remarkable countenance you have ſhewn me upon this occaſion."

Mrs Green, a moſt excellent comedian, and a woman of ſheer wit and pleaſantry, had lodgings one ſummer in Chatham, wherein ſhe ſuſpected, even to a degree of detection, that the landlady ſtole her coals. She was at a loſs how to reprove her, and to make excuſe to quit her houſe; however, ſhe ſent for her up, and began to preface the buſineſs thus: "Alas, dear Madam, do you know

that I am the moſt timid creature exiſting, and with the worſt and weakeſt nerves in the world, and that nothing terrifies me ſo much as a ghoſt, and therefore I muſt leave your apartments, for I am certain they are haunted." "Heavens!" exclaimed the woman, "Madam, what do you mean?" "Why, I'll tell you Madam, laſt night, between light and dark, I ſaw your ghoſt come out of my cellar with an apron full of my fine round coals."

When the late Sir John Hill firſt launched into the literary world, he, amongſt other voluminous works in all ſciences, wrote ſeveral Farces, which he recommended very ſtrongly to Mr Garrick for repreſentation; Garrick, however, not judging them to poſſeſs merit enough for the ſtage, politely refuſed them, which ſo irritated the Doctor, that he conſtantly ſquibbed at him in the newspapers, ſome of which he at that time commanded: Garrick bore all very patiently for ſome time; at laſt thinking it neceſſary to hint to the world the occaſion of this antipathy, he told it to the public in the following very ſevere Epigram:

"For Phyſic and Farces
His equal there ſcarce is;
For his Farces are PHYSIC, and his Phyſic a
FARCE is."

When Dr Whitefield went laſt to America, they were overtaken by a prodigious ſtorm; the captain, in reducing the ſails, and bringing the ſhip to a proper ſituation, was under the neceſſity of ſwearing prodigiouſly at the ſailors; theſe oaths

greatly alarmed the pious paſſengers, who were all at prayers; they, therefore, petitioned the Doctor to go and entreat the Captain to conſider his ſoul, and to ceaſe ſwearing. The Doctor obeyed their requeſt, and the Captain complied. Whitefield then ſat ſtill for ſome time, but not hearing the work go on ſo briſkly as he expected, he went privately upon the deck, and whiſpered the Captain to *ſwear again.*

When the Doctor was preaching, in Tottenham-court-road, an enthuſiaſtic, deſcriptive ſermon, comparing the ſtate of man to a ſhip at ſea, a preſs-gang came into the chapel, and attended to the diſcourſe with much gravity. "Now," ſays Whitefield, "after your calm and fine weather is over, comes a ſudden ſtorm, you are driven on a lee-ſhore, the billows daſh againſt the rocks, and all is horror and death around; your ſails are blown from your yards, your maſts go by the board, you let go your anchors, your very anchor of hope, your cables part; alas! alas! what will ye do?" "Do!" ſays one of the tars, "d—n my eyes, take to the long-boat."

An arch boy, belonging to one of the ſhips of war at Portſmouth, had purchaſed of his playfellows a magpye, which he carried to his father's houſe, and was at the door feeding it, when a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his ſpeech, coming up, "T—T—T—Tom," ſays the gentleman, "can your Mag T—T—Talk yet?" "Ay, Sir," ſays the boy, "better than you, or I'd wring his head off."

A lady, belonging to a wealthy pariſh in London, having had the misfortune to bury ſeveral of her family in a little time, the ſexton brought her a bill, which ſhe thinking unreaſonable, demanded ſome abatement, and tendered him five ſhillings leſs than he charged. The ſexton eyed the money, and at length took it up, ſaying, "As you have been a good chap, Madam, and I expect more of your cuſtom, I'll take it for this time, but I really can't afford it."

His late Majeſty, George the Second (of worthy and great memory) was very fond of Kenſington; where he was walking one evening with a pliant ſupercilious lord of the court, and the flies were very troubleſome to him. "My Lord," ſays the King, "theſe flies do plague me and my mouth very much." Says the courtier, "If your Majeſty will be moſt graciouſly pleaſed to ſhut your royal mouth, they will not fly therein."

His Majeſty, in his paſſage to Holland, was met with a ſtrong contrary wind, within a few leagues of the coaſt, which greatly vexed him; upon that he ſent for Captain Campbell—"When ſhall I get in, Captain?" "Upon my word," replied the officer, "it is not to be determined, as the wind is foul." "Well then, ſend me Lord Anſon—When ſhall I get into port, my Lord?" "Not to day, I fear." "Begar, deſe captains do know nothing; ſend me de colonel of de guard here.—Colonel, when do I get in?" "Oh, in leſs than half an hour, an' pleaſe your Majeſty." "Dere," ſaid the King, "I ſaid my colonels do know more dan all the ſailors."

A certain great man having a good living vacant, by the death of a former incumbent, was ſolicited by many neighbouring clergymen of great learning, for the next preſentation, all whom he refuſed, becauſe they could not inform him who was Melchiſedec's father; of which a young fellow of a college in Oxford hearing, he came to the great man, and aſked it for himſelf; "Sir," ſays he, "if you can tell me who was Melchiſedec's father, you may ſtand a good chance."—"That I'll do inſtantly," replied the young gentleman, "and who was his mother too." And putting his hand into his pocket, pulls out a purſe of guineas, ſaying, "there is his father, my Lord;" then turning his hand to the other pocket, took another purſe, "and this, my Lord, is his mother," ſays he. "Well," anſwered his Lordſhip, "this is ſomething to the purpoſe, I confeſs; let me only count the ſyllables of their names, and if they are right, you ſhall have the living."

A ſea captain, being juſt come a-ſhore, was invited by ſome gentlemen to a hunting-match. After the ſport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of what paſtime he had: "Our horſes being compleatly rigged, we manned them, and the wind being at S. W. twenty of us being in company; away we ſet over the Downs. In the time of half a watch we ſpied a hare under a full gale; we tacked, and ſtood after her: coming up cloſe, ſhe tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; but getting cloſe, off I ſtood after her again; but, as the devil would have it, juſt about to lay her a-board, bearing too

much wind, I and my horſe over-ſet, and came keel upwards."

"How unnatural a ſight it is," ſaid Tom Brown, "to ſee a parſon with a ruby face and a double chin, preaching up abſtinence in Lent!"

When the cyder-bill was brought into the Houſe of Commons, the debates were very high againſt it. One of the members for Herefordſhire ſpoke violently againſt it; and with much feeling ſaid Pomona was diſſolved in tears. A member not underſtanding him, roſe up and ſaid, "Who is in tears, Sir?" "Pomona, Sir." Upon which the other ſate down mumbling, that he knew no ſuch perſon in the whole county.

A certain member of parliament having heard many ſpeeches in the houſe, to the great applauſe of the ſpeakers, grew ambitious of riſing to rival their glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occaſion preſented itſelf: It was on a motion being made in the houſe for enforcing the execution of ſome ſtatute; on which public-ſpirited motion, the orator in embryo roſe ſolemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, ſpoke as follows: "Mr Speaker—Have we *laws*, or have we not *laws?*—If we have *laws*, and they are not obſerved, to what end were theſe *laws* made!"—So ſaying, he ſat himſelf down, his cheſt heaving high with conſcious conſequence; when another member roſe up, and delivered his thoughts in theſe words: "Mr Speaker—Did the honourable gen-

tleman who ſpoke laſt, ſpeak to the *purpoſe*, or not ſpeak to the *purpoſe?* If he did not ſpeak to the *purpoſe*, to what *purpoſe* did he ſpeak?"—Which a-propos reply ſet the houſe in ſuch a fit of laughter, as diſcouraged the young orator from ever attempting to ſpeak again.

Foote travelling to the north once, put up at a bye inn on the road, where he was rather diſtreſſed for accommodations. "What," ſays he, "have you no cold meat in the houſe, landlord?" "No, Sir," ſays the hoſt, "we have not dreſſed any for ſome days, as my poor wife lies dead up ſtairs." "Zounds!" ſays Foote, "never complain again of your larder, for there is no cold meat equal to a dead wife."

In the late war, a ſailor and two of his ſhipmates wanted to go from Portſmouth to Peterfield; when one ſtaying behind, deſired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horſe. When he came to the livery ſtables, the hoſtler brought him out a ſhort backed, light galloway, about fourteen hands high. "Zounds," ſays Jack, "this won't do for me! he is too ſhort in the back." "Oh, Sir," replies the hoſtler, "he is the better for that." "Damn him, he won't do, I tell you; get me a horſe with a longer back, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike."

When Lord Downe embarked on board the Eſſex, with Lord Howe and the Duke of York, for an invaſion of France, in the bay of St Cas, he was much diſturbed in his ſleep by the ſteerage

of the ſhip. The next morning he addreſſed himſelf to the firſt lieutenant thus: "I always took you ſailors to be a ſet of jolly fellows, *bon vivant* bucks; but never imagined you to drink hard, more eſpecially at ſea, till laſt night, when one moſt thirſty, unſatisfied fellow was calling out for *port* all night long."

Mr Garrick paying a viſit to Lord Corke, his Lordſhip recommended Mr Moſſop to him, and expatiated on his abilities; when Mr Garrick obſerved, his voice was loud as a bull. "True," replied his Lordſhip, applying to Lady Corke; "did n't I, my Lady, always ſay, he roar'd like a bull? "But," ſays Garrick, "does not your Lordſhip think him obſtinate?" "Yes, he is obſtinate as a mule?" "Beſides, my Lord," ſays Garrick, "he is ſtiff as a poker." "Yes, damn him, my Lady," ſays my Lord, "I always ſaid he was ſtiff as a poker: but, upon the whole, he is a good player, Mr Garrick, barring the bull, the mule, and the poker."

Fleetwood, the manager and patentee of Drury-Lane theatre, borrowed 200l. of Harry Giffard, which his friends hourly preſſed him to get again. One day Paul Whitehead and Victor prevailed on him to go and aſk Fleetwood for it, while they waited with an agreeable expectation of his ſucceſs on his return. When he came, they eagerly aſked him, "Well, Harry, have you done it?" "Yes," ſays Giffard. "Well, but how?" "Why he talked ſo well, and promiſed ſo fair, that I have lent him 200l. more."

An eminent counſellor at law being retained in an affair of a mortgage, did his utmoſt in behalf of his client, and ſupported his cauſe with great eloquence. But a remarkable circumſtance appearing in the courſe of the evidence, which proved his client to be a very bad man, the judge could not help ſaying to the counſellor, "Well, Sir, what think you of your client now?" To which the counſellor replied; "Why, to tell you the truth, my Lord, I find it is not my client's *intereſt* to pay the *principal*, and I am afraid he has not *principle* to pay the *intereſt*."

A clergyman (who was remarkable for his dirty hands) converſing with Foote, was explaiming how much he had improved his living, "For," ſays he, "I have taken all the tythes into my own hands." "Yes," ſays Foote, "I ſee you have, Doctor, *and the glebe too*."

When Mr Forreſt fought the French fleet of Cape Francois, with the Captains Langdon and Suckling, the French Commodore ſent him a card, to aſſure him of his forth coming. So when he appeared with a ſquadron two to one, Forreſt made a ſignal to ſpeak to his two captains; aſking their opinions, and informing them, that he had come out on purpoſe to fight them—what ſay ye to it, gentlemen? "Why, Sir," ſays Suckling, "I think it would be a pity to diſappoint him, ſince he is come on purpoſe." The conſequence was, a ſevere action, in which the French were beaten; and the fight being on a banyan day, one of Suckling's ſailors obſerved, as the French were ſtealing

away, " D—n my eyes, how we had beat 'em if it had been beef-day."

A lady that had married a gentleman, who was a tolerable poet, one day ſitting alone with him, ſaid, " Come, my dear, you write upon other people; pr'ythee, write ſomething for me. Let me ſee what epitaph you'll beſtow on me when dead?" " Oh! my dear," reply'd he, " that's a melancholy ſubject! don't think of it." " Nay, upon my life you ſhall," ſays ſhe, " Come, I'll begin.—*Here lies* Bid." To which he anſwered, " Ah! I wiſh ſhe did."

Beau Naſh ſeldom boaſted of his family or learning; and his father's name and circumſtances were ſo little known, that Dr Cheyne uſed frequently to ſay, that Naſh had no father. The Ducheſs of Marlborough one day rallying him in public company upon the obſcurity of his birth, compared him to Gil Blas, who was aſhamed of his father. " No, Madam," replied Naſh, " I ſeldom mention my father in company; not becauſe I have any reaſon to be aſhamed of him, but becauſe he has ſome reaſon to be aſhamed of me."

A gentleman on his travels called his ſervant to the ſide of the poſt-chaiſe; " Tom," ſays he, " here's a guinea, which is too light, and I can get no body to take it, do you ſee and part with it ſomehow or other upon the road." " Yes, Sir," ſays the footman, " I'll endeavour." When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to his ſervant to know if he had paſſed off the gui-

nea? "Yes, Sir," ſays the man, "I did it ſlily;" "Aye! Tom," ſays the maſter, "I fancy thou art a ſly ſort of a fellow; but tell me how?"—"Why, Sir," ſays the footman, "the people refuſed him at breakfaſt, and ſo they did where your honour dined; but as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, I whipped him in between the halfpence, and the man put it into his pocket and never ſaw it."

On the revival of Shakeſpeare's Twelfth Night, the piece received little applauſe till the following lines were delivered:

——She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Prey on her damaſk cheek. She pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.——

Here the whole theatre burſt into applauſe; but a gentleman from Oxford was obſerved to ſtand up and clap after all the reſt had done; upon which a nobleman in the boxes called aloud to know what he meant by that ſort of behaviour.—"Why, you clapped the piece, my Lord," ſays the Oxonian, "and I clapped the audience for diſcovering ſo much true taſte and judgment."

Pope having been lighted home by a link-boy, offered to give him ſomewhat leſs than he expected, upon which he demanded more; Pope proteſted that he had no more halfpence left; repeatting a term familiar to him, when a little vexed, "God mend me!" The boy finding that nothing

was to be got, went away muttering loud enough to be over-heard, "God mend me! God mend me! quotha: Five hundred ſuch as I might be made, before one ſuch a crooked ſon of a b—h as you could be mended!"—Pope, on this, called him back, and gave him half-a-crown as a reward for his wit.

. When Lieutenant Obrien (who was afterwards called Sky-rocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was ſaved upon the carriage of a gun, and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he ſaid, with much pleaſantry, "I hope, Sir, you will excuſe my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ſhip in ſo great a hurry, that I had not time to ſhift myſelf."

Two highland officers ſitting in ſerious converſation with each other, one of them putting his hand into his right breaſt, drew out a great louſe, which he very carefully put under the ſleeve of his ſhirt. The other, with ſome ſurpriſe, aſked him the reaſon of ſuch a manœuvre. "In troth, Archy," ſays he, "he may be the head of a great clan, and if I kilt him, I ſhould have a thouſand upon me to reſent his death."

Foote dining on a turtle, at the caſtle at Richmond; when he had got into his chariot, and was going away, a tall, lank, ſleek fellow of an hoſtler came up to the carriage, with a demure face, and ſays to Foote, "I hope, Sir, you will remember the hoſtler." "I believe I ſhall," ſays he, "when I ſee you again." The anſwer petrified

the fellow, and he drove off, leaving him motionleſs.

The late Beau Naſh often played tricks with others; and, upon certain occaſions, received very ſevere retaliations. Being at York races, and having loſt all his money, ſome of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, upon this proviſo, that he would ſtand at the great door of the Minſter in a blanket, as the people were coming out of the church. To this propoſal he readily agreed; but the Dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. "What!" ſays the Doctor, "Mr. Naſh in maſquerade!" "Only a Yorkſhire penance, Mr Dean, for keeping bad company," quoth Naſh, pointing to his companions.

A young lady, who was juſt come out of the country, and affected to dreſs in a very plain manner, was ſitting on a bench at Bath, as Naſh and ſome of his companions were paſſing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he ſaid, "There's a ſmart country girl, I will have ſome diſcourſe with her." Then going up to the lady, "So, child," ſays he, "you are juſt come to Bath, I ſee." 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered the lady. "And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope." 'Yes, Sir,' "Pray now," ſays he, "let me examine you: I know you have read your Bible, and the hiſtory of Tobit and his dog; now can you tell me, What was the dog's name?" 'Yes, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'his name was NASH, and an impudent dog he was.'

A noble Duke, who ſtammered ſo much, that he was obliged to have a ſervant ſtand by him to repeat what he ſaid, aſked a clergyman at his table, by way of joke, if he knew what was the reaſon that Balaam's aſs ſpoke? The clergyman not underſtanding him, the ſervant repeated what his Grace had ſaid; to which the parſon pleaſantly anſwered, "That Balaam ſtutter'd, and his aſs ſpoke for him."

The ſame noble duke aſked a clergyman once, at the bottom of his table, 'Why the gooſe, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the parſon?"—'Really,' ſaid he, 'I can give no reaſon for it; but the queſtion is ſo odd, that I ſhall never ſee a gooſe for the future, without thinking on your Lordſhip.'

A lady of great quality, in King Charles' time, gave into a very free indulgence of pleaſures, even to a vicious degree; ſo that a very worthy clergyman admoniſhed her to a change of conduct, urging the vanity of all human things, as ſet forth by Solomon: In anſwer to which, ſhe angrily replied, "Do'nt tell me of Solomon; Solomon never ſaid they were vanity until he had tried them all, and even ſo will I, and then will give you my opinion of them."—Upon hearing which, the king merrily obſerved, 'That the lady ſeemed to be led more by SENSE than FAITH.'

Lord K—, who had a remarkable large, round, red face, took lodgings next to Foote's, and the back window of his room looked into the wit's

garden. Foote walking one cold morning in the ſpring into his melon-ground, diſcovered his lordſhip in the window. "Good morning to your Lordſhip." Says my Lord, 'It is a very chill morning, Mr Foote.' "Yes," ſays the wag, "it is, and I wiſh your Lordſhip would do me the honour to turn your countenance upon my cucumbers."

Quin ordered a dinner, at the time of the earthquake in London, at the Magpye, in Whitechapel, conſiſting of a ſhoulder of mutton and a pudding; after eating the former, he aſked for the pudding, which, with a very pitiful face, the waiter informed him was forgot. "Tell the hoſteſs to come here—Madam," ſays he, "we may well have earthquakes—no pudding of a Sunday!—Oh, you Sabbath-breaking bitch!"

The Corporation of Bath, in honour to Mr Naſh, placed a full-length ſtatue of him in the pump-room, between the buſts of Newton and Pope; upon which occaſion the Earl of Cheſterfield wrote the following ſevere and witty epigram:

Immortal NEWTON never ſpoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor POPE himſelf e'er penn'd a joke
Severer on mankind.

The picture plac'd the buſts between,
Adds to the ſatire ſtrength;
WISDOM and WIT are little ſeen,
But FOLLY at full length.

A ſailor, juſt arrived at Portſmouth, ſaw a ſhoe-maker's ſign with theſe words at the bottom, "Adam Strong, Shoe-maker."—Jack Tar, not being very expert at reading, was obliged ſpell it, which he did in the following manner: "A, D, A, M, a damn'd; S, T, R, O, N, G, a damn'd ſtrong; S, H, O, E, a damn'd ſtrong ſhoe; M, A, K, E, R, a damn'd ſtrong ſhoe-maker." Having thus made out the inſcription upon the ſign, he went into the ſhoe-maker's ſhop, and told the maſter of it, "that as he was 'a damn'd ſtrong ſhoe-maker,' he was come to beſpeak a pair; but inſiſted upon it, that they muſt be damn'd ſtrong, or he'd not pay a farthing for 'em.

A Frenchman, who ſpoke very broken Engliſh, having ſome words with his wife, endeavoured to call her bitch, but could not recollect the name; at laſt he thought he had done it, by ſaying, "Begar, mine deare, but you be vone vile dog's wife." 'Aye, that's true enough,' anſwered the woman, 'the more's my misfortune.'

In Admiral Hawke's laſt engagement with the French, a ſailor, on board one of the ſhips, had a leg ſhot off, whereupon one of the meſſmates took him down to the ſurgeon, and at the ſame time took his leg off the deck, and put it under his arm; he was no ſooner brought down, but another of his meſſmates began ſhaking his head, and telling him, 'He was very ſorry he had loſt his leg.' "That's a d—mn'd lye, ye ſon of a b—h," replied he, "for, ſee here, I have got it under my arm."

A young fellow came to offer himſelf to the play-houſe, whoſe talent lay in comedy; and having given a ſpecimen of his capacity to Mr Quin, he aſked him if he had ever played any parts in comedy; the former anſwered, Yes; he had play'd Abel in the Alchymiſt. "I am rather of opinion you play'd Cain," ſays Quin, "for I am certain you murder'd Abel."

King Henry VIII. appointing a nobleman to go on an embaſſy to Francis I. at a very dangerous juncture, he begg'd to be excuſed, ſaying, ſuch a threatening letter to ſo hot a prince as Francis I. might go near to coſt him his life. "Fear not," ſays old Harry, "if the French King ſhould take away your life, I'll revenge it by taking off the heads of many Frenchmen, now in my power." "But of all theſe heads," replied the nobleman, "there may not be one to fit my ſhoulders."

An officer in the cuſtoms, at the port of Liverpool, running careleſsly along the ſhip's gunnel, tip'd overboard, and was drowned. Being ſoon taken up, the coroner's jury was ſummoned to ſit upon the body. One of the jurymen returning home, was called to by an alderman of the town, and aſked what verdict they brought in, and whether they found *Felo de ſe?* "Ay, ay," ſays the juryman, ſhaking his noddle, "he fell into the ſea ſure enough."

A facetious canon of Windſor, taking his evening-walk as uſual into the town, met one of the vicars at the caſtle-gate, returning home ſome-

what elevated with generous port. "So," ſays the cannon, "from whence came you?" "I don't know, Mr Canon," replies the Vicar, "I have been *ſpinning* out this afternoon with a few friends." "Ay, and now," ſays the Cannon, "you are *reeling* it home."

An Iriſh officer in Minorca was found by a gentleman, who came to viſit him in a morning, a little ruffled, and being aſked the reaſon, he replied, that he had loſt a pair of fine *black ſilk* ſtockings out of his room, that coſt him eighteen ſhillings; but he hoped he ſhould get them again, for he had ordered them to be cried, with a reward of half a crown for the perſon who brought them. His friend obſerving, that this was too poor a recompence for ſuch a pair of ſilk ſtockings: Phoh, man, replied he, I directed the crier to ſay they were *worſted*.

One having a ſcolding wife, ſwore he would drown himſelf: ſhe followed him, deſiring him to forbear, at leaſt to let her ſpeak with him; Speak quickly then, ſays he: "Pray, huſband, if you will needs drown yourſelf, pray take my counſel, to go into a very deep place, for it will grieve my heart to ſee you long a dying."

When the firſt Mr Penn, the proprietor of Penſylvania, and the moſt conſiderable man among the Quakers, went to court to pay his reſpects to Charles the ſecond, that merry monarch, obſerving the Quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat, and ſtood uncovered before Penn;

who ſaid, Prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat. No, ſays the king, friend Penn, it is uſual for only one man to be covered here.

Young 'Squire Booby, juſt come from his firſt term at the Univerſity, was willing to give his parents a ſpecimen of his improvement there. Father, ſays he, I can chop logic. Ay, ſays his father, how is that, Tom? Why, ſays Tom, here de zee, father, are a couple of fowls at table, I can prove they are three fowls—How's that? quoth the father. Why, there's one, ſays Tom, and there's two, pointing to the diſh, and don't one and two make three, father? Well, Dame, ſays, the father, Tom's a conjuror; you take one fowl, and I'll eat t'other, and let Tom have the third for his logic.

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really Inch, who had taken the name of Linch, "I ſee," ſaid the judge, "the old proverb is verified in this man, who, being allowed an Inch, has taken an L."

A gentleman riding through a river, which he ſuppoſed deep, bid his ſervant go before. But he, to ſhew his politeneſs, replied, "I never will be guilty of ſo much ill-manners, pray Sir do you croſs over firſt."

Dr Cheyne once, when Naſh was ill, drew up a preſcription for him, which was ſent in accordingly. The next day the Doctor coming to ſee his patient, found him up and well; upon which

he aſked, if he had followed his preſcription? "Followed your preſcription!" cried Naſh, "No.—Egad, if I had, I ſhould have broke my neck; for I flung it out of the two-pair of ſtairs window."

Anecdote.

Some time ago, the Rev. Mr Kelly, curate of the Engliſh chapel in the town of Ayr, preached from the well-known and beautiful parable of "the man that fell among thieves." He took occaſion to be particularly ſevere upon the conduct of the prieſt that ſaw him, and miniſtered not unto him, but paſſed along on the oppoſite ſide of the way: in an animated and pathetic pathos, he exclaimed, "What! Not even the ſervant of the Almighty! He whoſe tongue was engaged in the work of charity, whoſe boſom was appointed the reſidence of love, whoſe heart the emblem of pity, whoſe ſoul the brazen ſerpent of diſeaſe, did he refuſe to ſtretch forth his hand, and to pull the mantle from his ſhoulder, and cover the nakedneſs of woe! then, if he refuſed, if the ſhepherd went aſtray, what miracle, if the flock followed?" Such were the precepts of this teacher; and we doubt not but every religious guide would have ſaid the ſame; mark, however, the comment upon this text, and let every clergyman conſider if he would have impreſſed with equal force, by example, what he taught by precept. The next day the river was very much ſwelled; a boy, in a ſmall boat, was ſwept overboard by the force of the current, and though a great concourſe of people was aſſembled on the bank, none of them attempted to

ſave him, when Mr Kelly from his chamber window, which over-hung the river, threw himſelf, dreſſed as he was in his canonicals, into the current, and, at the hazard of his own life, ſaved that of the boy.

A humourous Anecdote.

A young gentleman from one of the Univerſities, on paying a viſit to a lady, a relation of his, in the country, found her in great affliction for the loſs of a diamond-ring of conſiderable value. She was certain that ſome of the ſervants muſt have got it, but ſhe knew not againſt whom the accuſation ſhould be directed. The young gentleman, on hearing the circumſtances, undertook the recovery of it, provided the lady would humour the ſtratagem he propoſed to make uſe of: ſhe readily conſented. At dinner, therefore, the converſation turning upon the loſs, the ſcholar boaſted ſo much of his ſkill in the black art, that ſhe, as they had previouſly agreed, deſired him to exert it for the detection of the perſons who had ſtolen her ring. He promiſed to make the beſt exertion of his powers, and after dinner proceeded to buſineſs. He ordered a white cock to be procured, (no other colour would do) and a kettle to be placed on a table in the hall. The cock, he told them, was to be put under the kettle; adding, that all the ſervants, one after another, were to touch it, and that as ſoon as the guilty perſon laid his hand upon it, the cock would crow three times. Every thing being thus prepared with the greateſt ſolemnity, the young gentleman opened the ſcene. The hall was darkened, and the proceſſion began.

As ſoon as they had each of them declared that they had fulfilled the directions given, and touched the cock, the light was reſtored, and the gentleman examined the hands of them all: he found them all ſmutted except thoſe of one ſervant, who had taken care not to touch the kettle, and was beginning to hug himſelf for having outwitted the conjurer, who, fixing upon this circumſtance, charged him cloſely with the robbery; as he could not deny it, he fell down on his knees, and aſked his lady's pardon, which ſhe granted upon the reſtoration of her ring.

Mr George Selwyn, who is as much celebrated for his wit, as for his extraordinary paſſion of ſeeing public executions, laid a wager, that he would not attend the hanging of the two Perreaus. The wager being conſiderable, a very good look-out was kept to detect him; at length no perſon could diſcover him, and the wager was juſt yielded as loſt, when an old woman in a ſtraw-hat, on a white horſe, was ſeen cloſe to the gallows, and at a nearer ken, it was found to be the identical humouriſt, who could not reſiſt this high Tyburn entertainment.

Anecdote of a dead Lothario.

In the play of the Fair Penitent, Lothario is killed by Altamont in the fourth act. His corpſe is ſuppoſed to be exhibited in that diſmal ſcene which opens the fifth act of the play, where poor Caliſta is ſurrounded by chapleſs ſkulls, bones, and every object that can excite repentance, contrition and horror. The ſupporting the dignity of this

character generally falls to one of the loweſt claſs in the theatre. Booth acted Lothario, and his footman Will was his dead repreſentative. This great actor, who was ſometimes ſubject to abſence of mind, remembered when he was undreſſed, that he wanted his ſervant to attend him home, and called out loudly, "Will! where are you?" Will heard his maſter's voice, and anſwered as loudly, "Here, Sir! I am coming;" and marched off with the ſhroud upon his back, amidſt the loudeſt applauſes that were ever heard in the theatre. Even Mrs Oldfield, who was the Caliſta, was inſenſibly drawn into a ſmile, and the play ended immediately with repeated burſts of laughter.

One G——n, a taylor, ſitting in a tap-room with a number of his pot-companions, and attending to a perſon reading a uews-paper; the latter, on meeting with a paragraph, intimating, "That the court of France had taken great umbrage at the court of Great Britain," was interrupted at the words *great umbrage*, by a fit of coughing. Hercupon G——n ſtarted up, and exclaimed, "What! Great Umbrage! Have the French taken Great Umbrage! By G—d, its the ſtrongeſt fort belonging to Great Britain: It's all over with us now!"

The late Captain Patrick Beard, of the navy, a man as celebrated for humour and wit, as for his claſſic learning, who had experienced a variety of viciſſitudes of life, and acted in the capacity of ſailor, prieſt of the Roman church, pilgrim, &c. was commanded to the coaſt of Guinea, where he

viſited all the black princes with preſents from the Crown; among the reſt, King Tom, of Anamaboo: but when introduced to his Majeſty, he found him ſeated croſs-leg on a throne of mud, ſurrounded with half-naked nobles, with a laced coat on, without ſhirt or breeches, and a red night-cap on his head. Captain Beard wore a full-powdered wig, and when introduced to the King, his Majeſty roſe, ſhook his head, ſpluttered ſome ſtrange jargon, and threw the greaſy cap in his face; Mr Beard, a little ſurpriſed at the oddity of this ſalute, after recollection, ſpluttered again in a ſimilar jargon, and daſhed his great white wig in the black fellows face. This ſet them all a laughing, and made him and King Tom the beſt friends.

The ſame officer, in the action of Quiberon-bay, (in which he behaved with moſt intrepid gallantry) loſt his finger, when he humourouſly walked up and down the deck, ſaying, "Damn the French raſcals, I'll be up with them; though they have ſpoiled me for playing the flute, I have plenty of fingers left to draw a trigger."

Anecdote of King Charles II. and Doctor Stillingfleet.

When the celebrated Dr Stillingfleet preached at court before King Charles the Second, he always read his ſermon, though it is well known, that elſewhere he preached extempore. The King, after thanking him one day for his excellent diſcourſe, aſked the reaſon why he made ſuch a diſtinction between the court and his own pariſhoners, as to preach to the latter without a book and to read his ſermon to the former. "And

may it pleaſe your Majeſty," ſaid the Doctor, "when I am in the royal chapel, I find myſelf in another world; I have the eyes of your Majeſty, and of all the lords and ladies of the court upon me, and it becomes me to weigh every word I utter. And now ſhall I beg your Majeſty to anſwer me a queſtion?" "With all my heart," ſaid the Monarch. "Your Majeſty's ſpeeches are very ſhort, and yet you always read them, and never take your eyes off the paper till you have finiſhed: pray tell me your reaſons." "Why, my good Doctor," ſaid the King, "I never make a ſpeech to my people without aſking them for money, and I am aſhamed to look them in the face."

A gentleman who had two handſome pleaſant daughters, invited a great company, and before they came, he explained their different characters; among them was a man with an enormous noſe, which he cautioned them not to notice. This caution tickled the fancies of the ladies; however, at table they behaved with great reſerve, till one of them having occaſion for a potatoe, and the diſh ſtanding by this gentleman, ſhe, through her great caution, ſaid, "Sir, I ſhall be obliged to you for a noſe."

A ſimple fellow walking in the field alone, came at laſt to a ditch, and making a pauſe, "Now, Robin," ſays he to himſelf, "what doſt thou think, canſt thou leap over this ditch or no? In faith," ſaid he, "I cannot tell: but if thou wilt, Robin, I will lay a crown I do. A match." And

ſo he prepared himſelf to leap, and taking a good run, had the advantage of the bank, he leaped quite over. "Ah, boy!" ſaid he, "there's your crown. But now, Robin, wilt thou lay another, that thou canſt leap back? Faith that's very difficult; nevertheleſs, hang it; I have won a crown, I will venture it that I do." Then taking a good run, he leaps juſt into the middle, up to the waiſt in mire and water: but crawling out on the other ſide, "Hang it," replied he, "I don't much care, I have neither won nor loſt."

Captain Bob Faulkner, who married the regal Miſs Aſh, had ſpent three fortunes in his life-time to the amount of 150,000l. A brother ſailor calling on him one morning to borrow ſome caſh, he took a blue worſted ſtocking full out of his cheſt, and ſaid, "There, Jack, take a handful, and pay me when you can."

A woman once proſecuted a gentleman for a rape: Upon the trial, the judge aſked if ſhe made any reſiſtance? "Yes, and pleaſe your reverence, I cry'd out." The judge again inquired when it was ſhe did ſo; to which the witneſs replied, nine months after.

An Iriſhman coming into a woollen-draper's ſhop, accoſts him in the following manner: "Arrah honey, will you be ſo ſhivel to let a body look at ſome Engliſh velvet made of Iriſh wool, becauſe as why, I loves to encourage the malefactors of my own country. To this polite addreſs the woollen-draper, with as grave a countenance as he

could draw up, made an anſwer, that he had no Engliſh velvet, but he could ſhew him ſome very choice Genoa. "Ub bub boo, fait, and do ſo, dear joy," cries Teague, "by my ſalvation I have often heard of March beer brewed in October, but devil take myſelf if ever I heard of January velvet before."

A bailiff clapt a man on the ſhoulder, ſaid, "I arreſt you, Sir, for a horſe," (meaning for the money he owed for a horſe.) "Why," reply'd the defendant, "thou coxcomb, thou art not certainly ſuch a fool as thou makeſt thyſelf? Pray look upon me again, what likeneſs can you ſee, that you take me for a horſe?"——Then tripping up his heels, ſaid, "However I'll ſhew you a horſe trick;" and after giving him two or three kicks, left him in the kennel, and ſo ran off.

To Dr Johnſon, author of a moſt coloſſal, ſtupendous, technical, and unintelligible Engliſh Dictionary.

This is written by a French gentleman, who was uncommonly enraged by the pompous pedagogue, the Holofernes of grammar, and the confounder of common-ſenſe.

SIR,

By Gar, vat be de meaning of your uſage to me, an etranger? I come to Londres, à la rue de Suffolk-ſtreet, Madame Courage. I aſk for de explanation of the vords. De recommend your Dictionnaire. I look derein for one vord, de call *net-work*. I read dere, dat de net-work bee, "any thing reticulated or decuſſated at equal diſtances." I ſtamp, I damn, I know no meaning dereof. I

look again for *reticulated*. I find, parblieu, reticulated be, "made of net-work, formed with interſtical vacuities." I be den more perplexed dan ever. I ſwear. I do den look for de vord *decuſſated*. I find him, "to internet at acute angles." I be after all dis reſearch more perplexed and more puzzled dan ever I was, and leſs informed; for I do find, if I do bye Mr Johnſon's dictionnaire to inform me of de Englis language, by Gar, I muſt alſo have une autre Dictionnaire to explain me de vords of Dr Johnſon.

Yours, &c.

Jean Jaques Mutton.

There was ſuch an uncommon vein of pleaſantry about Foote, that, in his moſt ſerious moments, humour and wit would eſcape him. He had a great regard for Mr Holland, the tragedian, whoſe father was a baker in Chiſwick, and where he was buried. Foote returning from the burial, met a gentleman who was alſo Holland's friend. "Ah, my dear Sir," ſays Sam, with the tears ſtreaming down his cheeks, "I have juſt ſeen poor Charles put into the family oven."

Mrs Mattocks was one evening performing the part of the Muſical-lady at Portſmouth, in which ſhe ſays, with ſome earneſt ſolicitation, "And how ſhall I go to Italy, my dear Maſqually?" A ſailor attentively liſtening, anſwered, "Why, Madam, with my captain."

Jemmy Twitcher and Miſs Ray having a love quarrel, upon her ſoliciting a penſion on the Iriſh

eſtabliſhment, which he refuſed; one word created another, till at laſt, he, loſing all patience, called her mother an old dirty waſherwoman. "Very well," ſays Miſs Ray, "I allow it: but if ſhe is a waſherwoman, you cannot deny that you and your brother miniſters are not *manglers*."

Obſervations on the diſpoſitions of the French, Dutch, and Engliſh.

The *French* may be compared to the fuel of their own country, *faggots*, which kindle quick, blaze, and ſoon burn out.

The *Dutch* are ſlow in lighting, like their *turfs*; but burn well to their very aſhes, which hold a heat to the very laſt without blazing at all.

The *Engliſh* are like their own *ſea-coal fires*, which catch quick, make a great ſmoke; but if they are not continually rummaged, and ſtirred with the poker, they die away and ſoon go out.

When the Ruſſian fleet lay at Spithead, the Duke of Cumberland then commanded the Venus, and took occaſion to wait on the Ruſſian admiral. After he had paid his viſit, he was laughing at the abſurdity of their ſailors wearing boots; and turning to one of his own tars, he ſaid, "Do you think, ſhipmate, that the Venus could beat that ſhip we came from?" "Ay, Maſter," anſwers the Jack, "before they could get their boots off."

In the reign of George the Second, the Ducheſs of Kingſton, then Miſs Chudleigh, appeared at the maſquerade, in a gauze dreſs, in the charac-

ter of Iphigenia; the King, in a domino, came up to her, and putting his hand upon her boſom, ſaid, "Indeed, Madam, this is a very ſoft place." "May be ſo," replied ſhe; and taking him by the hand, ſhe placed his own hand upon his head, adding, "but this, Sir, is a ſofter place."

When Moſſop, the tragedian, died, his circumſtances were in a reduced ſtate, and on examining his breeches, a penny was only found in his pocket. This particular a gentleman was relating with ſome emotions of diſtreſs and pity to Foote, when the wag replied, "Why, Sir, you can't ſay then, that he died pennyleſs."

Sir Thomas Long, a gentleman poſſeſſed of a remarkable long noſe, happened to ſit at table oppoſite a lady who wanted ſomething that was out of her reach, and looking full in Sir Thomas's face, ſaid ſhe ſhould be much obliged to him, if he would make a long noſe and reach her the ſalt.

Lord Mansfield being willing to ſave a man who had ſtolen a trifling trinket, deſired the proſecutor to value it at ten-pence: upon which he cried out, Ten-pence, my Lord! Why the very faſhion of it coſt me ten times the ſum. "Oh," ſays his Lordſhip, "we muſt not hang a man for faſhion's ſake."

Anecdote of Allan Ramſay.

He was a barber in Edinburgh, and thoſe ſonnets, &c. attributed to him, are not of his compoſition. Allan Ramſay was a lively fellow, he ſung

a good catch, and he ſcribbled rhymes, which drew the attention of the ſtudents of the colleges towards him, and they perſuaded Allan to commence poet, promiſing to ſupply him from time to time with matter. This humour ſucceeded both with the ſcholars and the barber, till at length Allan began to be ſo famed, that he was univerſally complimented on his abilities; and the ſtudents, on the other hand, enjoyed the jeſt, to think how well they impoſed on the judgments of the world. Thus, with the borrowed plumes of the peacock, did this literary jack-daw ſtrut forth, and at laſt eſtabliſhed that reputation to which he had no right.

Mrs Foote, mother of Ariſtophanes, was of a very whimſical turn of mind, and experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her ſon. The day ſhe was ſent priſoner to the King's-Bench, Foote was taken to a ſpunging-houſe, when the following laconic letters paſſed between mother and ſon: "Dear Sam, I am in priſon." Anſwer; "Dear mother, ſo am I."

Anecdote of Dr Smollet.

Some years ago it happened that the Doctor was in company with about a dozen gentlemen, at the London tavern, both Engliſh and Scotch. The converſation turned upon the height of power to which the Scotch had arrived in the preſent reign; and by a natural tranſition upon the abilities of the Scotch. "It appears to me," ſays an Engliſh gentleman, "that the Scotch in general are extremely ingenious, ſubtle, and capable, if

we judge from thoſe of that country among us; for, upon my word, I don't know a Scotchman a fool in London." "That may very well be," replied the Doctor, "and yet ſtand as no proof of their univerſal character; for you muſt know, there are two offices of inquiſition erected at the ſouthern boundary of Scotland, upon the two great leading roads, where every Scotchman undergoes an examination previous to his entering England. If he is found capable of living among you as Scotchmen have lately lived, he paſſes; if not, they ſend him back again." A Scotch gentleman, not overſtocked with wit, obſerved with a very ſerious air, that he had paſſed over land into England, and ſaw no ſuch office. "Oh, then, by God," replied the Doctor, "you was ſmuggled in."

Foote's tallow-chandler came to him one morning, with a very long face, telling him a doleful tale, as how his ſhop had been broken open, and a great quantity of candles ſtolen out of it; "Well," ſays Foote, "never mind it my dear Greaſy, they will all come to light again in time."

Swift meeting a farmer with a black horſe in a halter, ſaid, "Honeſt man, how can you uſe your horſe ſo ill, to make him black in the face?" When the farmer replied, "Ah, Maiſter! had you looked as long through a halter as he has, you would be black in the face too."

Prior, the miniſter and poet, would conſtantly go, for ſeveral years, after having ſpent the even-

ing with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, &c. to drink a pot and ſmoke a pipe with a common ſoldier and his wife in Long-Acre; and he left theſe people his fortune of three or four thouſand pounds when he died.

Dr Johnſon talking one day with W. Whitehead, the poet laureat, Whitehead begged leave to repeat his new ode, in which was this line,
"Who rules o'er freemen, ſhould himſelf be free."
Some altercation aroſe upon the propriety of the expreſſion, when the Doctor concluded with remarking, that Mr Whitehead might as well ſay,
Who drives fat oxen ſhould himſelf be fat.

A gentleman meeting Foote in his carriage drawn by four duns, exclaimed, "I am glad to ſee, Sam, that you drive the duns." Foote anſwered, "And ſo am I, for they have driven me a long time."

Boulter, the highwayman, riding one day thro' a village, obſerved a poor woman near the outſkirts of the place making great lamentations, ſuch as beſpoke her in the deepeſt anguiſh and diſtreſs. He rode up, and begged to know the cauſe of her ſorrow, ſaying he doubted not but it was in his power to relieve her. She told him that her huſband, whoſe character was an honeſt, induſtrious man, well known in the pariſh, had been diſappointed by ſome perſon who owed him money, and that a covetous hungry creditor was at that inſtant dragging him to jail, becauſe they could not then ſatisfy his unreaſonable demands. Boul-

ter enquired the amount of the debt, and being told 30l. put his hand into his pocket, and gave the woman 30 guineas, desiring her to go home, pay the debt, and be happy. Having enquired what road the creditor was to take in his way home, he laid wait for him, and robbed him of the 30l. his watch, and what other monies he had about him.

General Bligh was a captain in a marching regiment. As he and his lady were travelling in Yorkshire, they put up at an inn, where there happened to be only just as much in the larder as would serve them for dinner, which was immediately ordered. In the mean time, some sporting gentlemen of the country coming in, and finding there was nothing in the house but what was getting ready for another company, asked who they were. The landlord told them, he did not directly know; but he believed the gentleman was an Irish officer. "Oh, d—n him, if he's Irish," says one of the company, "a potatoe will serve him. Here, waiter, take up this watch," pulling out an elegant gold-watch, "carry this up stairs, and ask the gentleman what's a clock?" The waiter at first remonstrated; but the company insisting upon his delivering the message; he was obliged to comply. Mr Bligh, as may well be imagined, was surprised at such an impudent message; but recollecting himself a moment, took the watch from the waiter, and sent his compliments to the company, and he would tell them before he parted. This message, however, produced his dinner to be sent up to him in quiet; which,

after he had eat, he claps a couple of large horſe piſtols under his arm, and going down ſtairs, introduced himſelf into the company who had ſent up ſuch a meſſage, by telling them he was come to let them know *what o'clock it was*; but firſt begged to be informed, to which of the gentlemen the watch belonged? Here a dead ſilence enſued. Mr Bligh then began on his right hand, by aſking them ſeverally the queſtion, each of which denied knowing any thing of the circumſtance.—"Oh, then, gentlemen (ſays he) I find I have miſtaken the company; the waiter a while ago brought me an impudent meſſage from ſome people in this houſe, which I came (as you ſee, pointing to his piſtols) properly to reſent; but I find I have miſtaken the room." Saying this, he wiſhed them a good evening, which they as politely returned, paid his bill, ſtept into his carriage, and drove off with the watch in his pocket, which he kept to his death, and has lately left it by will, with a large fortune, to his brother, the preſent Dean of Elphin.

A Bogtrotter, juſt arrived at London, enquiring for one in Denmark ſtreet, was told he lived next door. "Ay, but where's that, Arrah?" ſays he. Why there, ſaid the perſon he ſpoke to, ſhewing him that of the adjoining houſe. Thither he went, and aſked if that was the next door? No, certainly, you fool, ſaid the anſwerer, how can it poſſibly be ſo? "And which is it then, ſaid St Patrick; for I am ſure I was told it was this." Why, replied the other, there it is, you blockhead, pointing at it with his finger. The fool put the

queſtion at the third houſe, and ſo on, throughout the ſtreet, laughed at by every one, without perceiving his blunder, or meeting the perſon he ſought after.

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the firſt regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purſe to pay the reckoning, aſked the latter what he ſhould do with a light guinea he had? "Pſhaw! its worth nothing, ſays Garrick, fling it to the devil." "Well, David, ſays the other, you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go *farther* than any other man."

A gentleman had four ſons; he made one of them a doctor, another a ſurgeon, a third an apothecary, and the fourth an undertaker. The father foreſaw what would happen; they played into each other's hands, and in a few years they all got fortunes.

It happened, in the early part of Mr Hogarth's life, that a nobleman came to him to ſit for his picture, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed. It was executed, after the neceſſary ſittings, with a ſkill that did honour to the artiſt's abilities; but the likeneſs was rigidly obſerved, without the neceſſary attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, diſguſted at this counterpart of his dear ſelf, never once thought of ſending for a reflector, that could only inſult him with his infirmities. Some time was ſuffered to elapſe before the artiſt applied for his money; but afterwards

many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment, without ſucceſs. The painter, however, at laſt, hit upon an expedient, which he knew muſt alarm the nobleman's pride, and by that means anſwer his purpoſe. It was couched in the following card:

"Mr Hogarth's dutiful reſpects to Lord —— finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, he is informed again of Mr H's neceſſity for the money: If therefore his Lordſhip does not ſend for it in three days, it will be diſpoſed off, with the addition of a tail, and ſome other little appendages, to Mr Hare, the famous wild beaſt man; Mr H. having given that gentleman a conditional promiſe of it for an exhibition-picture, on his Lordſhip's refuſal."

The following ludicrous ſcene happened a few nights ſince in a family of ſome note in this city. Mr —— coming home a little mellow, had a mind for a frolic. Having undreſſed himſelf, he whitened his face with flour; and putting a ſheet round him, marched with a taper in his hand (by way of perſonating an apparition) into a room where two maid ſervants ſlept. The girls were doubtleſs much terrified. Tell me, ſaid he, in a melancholy tone of voice, the laſt ſin you committed, or I'll deliver you a death warrant. Keep your diſtance, good Mr Spirit, ſays the youngeſt, and I'll confeſs—I let Mr —— into my miſtreſs's bedchamber laſt night—and two hours after, I let him out of the houſe, exclaimed the other. The apparition vaniſhed, and it is imagined perfectly ſobered, having got a cooler he little dreamt of.

It is ſaid a lawyer has been conſulted on the occaſion; but has given an opinion, that an action for *crim. con.* will not lie on the evidence.

Lady W—— is celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an aſſembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the ſon of his Majeſty's printer, who had the patent for publiſhing bibles, made his appearance, dreſſed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room to learn who he was; Lady W—— inſtantly made anſwer loud enough to be heard, "Oh! don't you know him? it is young Bible, bound in calf and gilt—but not lettered."

A letter written by the late Mr Garrick to his prompter, Hopkins—It ſeems Hopkins had intereſted himſelf in favour of a man who was a machiniſt, and who was employed by Mr Garrick to prepare the ſcenery for a new pantomime; after the man had exhibited his performance at a rehearſal one morning, Mr Garrick went home in diſguſt, and deſired Hopkins to diſcharge him; Hopkins wrote a long letter to Mr Garrick in his favour, and this occaſioned the following anſwer:

Southampton-ſtreet, Thurſday morning. "I tell you, Hopkins, the man will never anſwer the purpoſe of the theatre; in the firſt place, he cannot make a moon; I would not give him threepence a dozen for ſuch moons as he ſhewed me this day; his ſun's are, if poſſible worſe: beſides, I gave him directions about the clouds, and ſuch d——n'd

clouds were never ſeen ſince the flood. Deſire the carpenter to knock the rainbow to pieces, it's execrable: his ſtars were the only things tolerable: I make no doubt of his honeſty; but till he can make a good ſun, moon, and rainbow, I muſt diſpenſe with his future ſervices."

D. G.

A late very pious, but very credulous, biſhop was relating a ſtrange ſtory of a dæmon that haunted a girl in Lothbury, to a company of gentlemen in the city—when one of them told his lordſhip the following:

"As I was one night reading in my bed, as my cuſtom is (though a bad one) and all my family were at reſt, I heard deliberately aſcending the ſtairs, and as it came nearer, I heard ſomething breathe; while I was muſing what it ſhould be, three hollow knocks at my door, made me aſk who was there, and inſtantly the door flew open."——Ay, Sir! and pray what did you ſee? "My Lord, I'll tell you—A tall thin figure ſtood before me——with withered hair, and an earthly aſpect: he was covered with a long ſooty garment, that deſcended to his ancles, and his waiſt was claſped with a broad leathern girdle, in one hand he held a black ſtaff, taller than himſelf; and, in the other, a round body of pale light, which ſhone feebly every way." That's remarkable! pray Sir, go on. "It beckoned to me, and I followed it down ſtairs, and there it pointed to the door—— and then left me, and made a hideous noiſe in the ſtreet."—This is really odd and ſurpriſing; but pray now, did it give you no notice what it might

particularly ſeek or aim about! "Yes, my Lord, it was the watchman, who came to ſhew me that my ſervants had left all my doors open."

The following is a fact. Mrs W———, a lady at the weſt end of the town, remarkable for her avaricious meanneſs, being in her carriage on a viſit to a noble family, on her way ſaw a woman with a baſket of eels, of whom ſhe bought two pounds, tied them up in her handkerchief, and not caring to leave them in the chariot, for fear her ſervants ſhould pilfer them, put them in her pocket, and preſently arriving at the place of appointment, where was a numerous aſſemblage of the politeſt company, ſhe had not long ſat, e'er the wriggling gentry, having broke looſe, (unperceived by her) were ſhuffling away in a variety of directions from her petticoats, to the inexpreſſible ſurpriſe and diverſion of all preſent, excepting herſelf, who, covered with confuſion, left the room abruptly, but not before ſhe had carefully picked up every one of her eels.

On one ſide of a bridge at Pontefract, in Yorkſhire, there ſtands the following inſcription:

K E E
P O N T.
H. I S S.
I. D E.

Which a deputation from the ſociety of antiquarians were ſent to decypher; but after ſpending much time without being able to effect it, a ſimple countryman paſſing by one day while the learned body were holding a conſultation upon it, one of

them in deriſion aſked him to read it; which he without heſitation did as follows: *keep on this ſide.* The other ſide being ſo bad as to make it hazardous for paſſengers to venture on it, cauſed the above inſcription to be put up.

M. Veſtris, the late dancer, being in company with a fencing-maſter, the converſation turned upon their different profeſſions; each maſter ſupported the ſuperiority of his talent over that of the other; at length words aroſe very high, and it was agreed to determine the diſpute by arms next morning in Hyde-Park. The combatants met; when the fencing-maſter drew his ſword; Veſtris drew his *kit*, and began to play the Devonſhire minuet, ſaying, "D—n you, why don't you dance?" The fencing-maſter was very angry, exclaiming, he did not underſtand being trifled with. No, ſays Veſtris, I don't trifle with you; this proves the ſuperiority of my profeſſion, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuſe, without the aſſiſtance of any one.

A few years before the death of the late L—d C———d, when his Lordſhip was at Bath, he was accoſted in the pump-room by his phyſician, with common ſalutations, who, after a little diſcourſe, propoſed feeling his Lordſhip's pulſe.—"Let me feel my Lord.—Ah!—pretty well!—Your Lordſhip is much better than when I laſt ſaw you.—You want but *little phyſic*, my Lord—very little indeed." All this time L—d C——d had one hand in his breeches pocket, preparing to take out the guinea.—At laſt, imitating the gra-

vity of the Doctor's muſcles, he begged to feel *his* pulſe in return.—"Very well, Doctor; a regular good pulſe:—I don't find *you want any thing;*—and immediately returned the guinea into his pocket.

As Mr Cunningham, the late paſtoral poet, was fiſhing on a Sunday near Durham, the reverend, as well as corpulent Mr B—— chanced to paſs that way; and knowing Mr Cunningham, auſterely reproached him for breaking the Sabbath, telling him, that he was doubly reprehenſible, as his good ſenſe ſhould have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied: "Your external appearance, reverend Sir, ſays, that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river with mine, you would *angle* for it, though it were a *faſt-day*, and your *Saviour* ſtood by to rebuke you!"

The *Premier* was on a viſit the other evening, where an old peer kept boreing him with political queſtions, which, of all others, are the miniſter's averſion:—at laſt the noble *Quidnunc*, after lamenting the hazardous ſituation of Vice-Admiral Darby—aſked Lord North what the Admiral *would ſay* if he was to meet with the *combined* fleets?—"Say," replied his Lordſhip, teſtily, "why, I ſuppoſe he would ſay, with Captain Macheath in the Opera,

How happy could I be with EITHER!"

The Italian poet, Taſſo, was reduced to ſuch an extreme ſtate of poverty, that he was obliged

to borrow a crown from one of his beſt friends, in order to furniſh him with ſubſiſtence during a week. This circumſtance gave occaſion to a pretty ſonnet of his, in which he intreats his cat to lend him the light of her eyes, in the night time, becauſe he had not even money enough to buy candles with.

Jockie, alias Meſs John Webſter, a Preſbyterian parſon, at Edinburgh, was a very popular preacher, much famed for ſanctity of manners, and a particular favourite of all the religious old ladies of the place. Jockie was, however, fleſh and blood, and ſomething given to carnal amuſements. Coming early one morning very drunk out of an houſe of civil recreation, he was aſked by one of his companions, "Jockie, what would your old women ſay, if they were to ſee you in this condition?" "Say!" replied he, "why, they would ſay it was the deel in Jockie Webſter's cloaths, who had put them on on purpoſe to ſcandalize the geud mon."

The following ſtory is related of the great Dr Ratcliff:—That Engliſh Eſculapius being called in to attend a perſon, ill of a moſt violent quinſey, and after having exerted himſelf, and employed all his profeſſional ſkill for ſeveral days, at length hit upon the following very extraordinary device. At quitting his patient, he called the nurſe aſide, and deſired her, at ſuch an hour the next morning, to have a plentiful diſh of *tripes* prepared, with directions to have the tripes ſerved up in very large *pieces*. "Oh law, good Doctor," ſaid ſhe, "how

can you order tripes for my maſter, when you well know that he has not room to let a ſingle drop of water?" That is not your buſineſs, replied the doctor, do as you are deſired. Accordingly the tripes were ſerved up, and the poor patient almoſt in the laſt agonies, when the Doctor took an opportunity to call the nurſe to the door, ſaying, there is a piece of gold for you; when I am ſatisfied that the tripes are almoſt cold, I will call you in, and begin to rate you very handſomely. Be ſure to give me ſome very ſaucy anſwer, upon which I ſhall take up a piece of the tripe and give you a ſmack acroſs the face with it; you are to take another and pay me in kind, ſo long as an ounce of the contents remain in the diſh.—The farce was punctually performed by the combatants, when, wonderful to relate, the miſerable patient found his riſible muſcles affected, and in leſs than a minute, diſcharged the cauſe of his illneſs at the Doctor's feet, and in two days, to the aſtoniſhment of all his friends, was able to go about the town.

The late ingenious Dr Ward, ſo juſtly celebrated for his diſcoveries in medicine, was not more remarkable for his humanity and ſkill, than wit and humour. An old woman, to whom he had adminiſtered ſome medicines proper for a diſorder under which ſhe laboured, applied to him with a complaint, that ſhe had not experienced any kind of effect from taking them. "No effect at all?" ſays the Doctor. "None in the leaſt," replies the woman; "why then you ſhould have taken a bumping glaſs of gin;" So I did, Sir; "well,

but when you found that not ſucceed, you ſhould have taken another:" So I did, Sir, and another after that. "Oh, you did," ſays the Doctor; "aye, it is juſt as I imagined; you complain that you found no effect in my preſcription, after you confeſs yourſelf, that you ſwallowed gin enough to counteract any medicine in the whole ſyſtem of phyſic."

A lady to her doctor.——A lady being ill, ſent for a phyſician, and on his leaving the room gave a fee of two guineas. This ſhe repeated ſeveral times, and one day ſhe gave him a ſingle guinea. This by ſome accident fell upon the floor, when the Doctor picked it up, and turning to the lady, with a ſignificant look, ſaid, Madam, I believe I have dropt a guinea.——No, Doctor, replied the lady ſmartly, 'Twas I who dropt the guinea.

Killegrew, the famous jeſter to King Charles II. having been at Paris about ſome buſineſs, went from thence to Verſailes, to ſee the French King's court; and being known there to ſeveral of the courtiers who had been in England, one of them took occaſion to tell the French King, that Killegrew was one of the wittieſt men in England: upon which the king deſired to ſee him. But Killegrew, it ſeems, being out of humour, ſpoke but very little; and that ſo little to the purpoſe, that the French king told the nobleman who had commended Killegrew, that he looked upon him as a very dull fellow. The nobleman, nevertheleſs, aſſured the king, that, whatever he thought of him, Killegrew was very witty and ingenious:

Whereupon, the king was reſolved to make a farther trial; and took him into a gallery, where there were abundance of fine pictures; and among the reſt, ſhewed him the picture of Chriſt upon the croſs, and aſked him if he knew who that was? Killegrew made himſelf very ignorant, and anſwered, No. Says the king, that is the picture of our Saviour on the croſs; that on the right ſide is the Pope's, and that on the left is my own: whereupon Killegrew replied, "I humbly thank your Majeſty for the information you have given me; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before."

An Engliſh nobleman, paſſing through Switzerland in his travels, met with a phyſician, who had formerly been a groom in his ſtables. As he appeared ſurpriſed at ſuch a metamorphoſis, "My Lord, ſaid the doctor, I formerly adminiſtered phyſic to your horſes, now I do the ſame to the Swiſs. I kill a good many, I muſt confeſs, but I cure ſome by chance. I beg, my Lord, you will not blow me, for, if you do, it will be my ruin; pray permit me to ſupport my own life, at the expence of the lives of the Swiſs.

A phyſician, ſaying that he would defy any of his patients to find fault with him: a perſon, who overheard him, replied,—I believe you;—becauſe they are all dead.

A gentleman being one day at a public entertainment, where one of the company ſat ſeveral

hours without ſpeaking a ſyllable; and, as from the character of the perſon, there was great reaſon to ſuſpect that his ſilence was owing to a ſupercilious contempt of the company, he determined to ſhew his reſentment firſt opportunity that offered. Accordingly, when ſupper was brought in, the gentleman was remarkably aſſiduous in helping the ſilent man to the beſt upon the table, and taking care to ſupply his plate when he ſaw it near empty; upon this, one of the company deſired to know his reaſon for this extraordinary attention to the ſilent perſon.

To which he replied, I aſſure you it is from the tenderneſs of my diſpoſition, for I cannot bear to ſee a dumb creature want. This ſmart repartee had the deſired effect.

Beau Naſh, the late king of Bath.—It was more to ſome of thoſe peculiarities, which are ever to be ſeen uppermoſt in ſome characters, than any very great adroitneſs of manners that Mr Naſh roſe to that conſequence he held ſo long at that polite receptacle for the genteeleſt company, Bath: one inſtance of his punctuality to order, which he would never permit to be broke through, is as follows: It was uſual at the balls for the minuets to be diſcontinued as ſoon as the clock ſtruck eleven: it happened ſeveral years ago, when the Duke of Cumberland and the Princeſs Amelia were at the rooms, that the clock ſtruck eleven juſt as the Princeſs had called another minuet:—the muſic was ſilent, and Mr Naſh was perſonally applied to by the Princeſs for the favour of another minuet. Naſh ſaid, "that the laws of Bath

were like thoſe of the Medes and Perſians; they altered not:" The Princeſs acquieſced, and it has never been known to have been broke through ſince in any inſtance.

Some time ſince, the will of a gentlewoman in Devonſhire was forged during her life, and a probate colluſively obtained; but ſhe hearing of it, applied perſonally to the Commons to prove herſelf alive: however, the probate had paſſed, and ſhe was informed there, that ſhe was dead to all intents and purpoſes in the eye of the eccleſiaſtical law: nevertheleſs, the forger was afterwards apprehended, and notwithſtanding the probate, indicted, arraigned, and executed.

During Sir George Rodney's late reſidence in Paris, ſo great was his indigence, that he frequently knew not where to apply for a dinner, Monſieur de Sartine, no ſtranger to his profeſſional abilities, thought this a proper time to wean his affections from his country, and therefore employed the Duke de Biron to make him an offer of the command of the French Weſt-India fleet, with a ſum of money that ſhould reſtore him to independence.

The Duke, in conſequence of this, invited Sir George to ſpend a month at his houſe, and in the courſe of that time frequently ſounded him with great delicacy on this ſubject; but not being able to make him properly underſtand, at laſt openly declared to him, that as his royal maſter meant the Weſt-Indies to be the theatre of the preſent war, he was commiſſioned to make the handſomeſt

offers to Sir George Rodney, if he would quit the Engliſh ſervice, and take upon him the command of a French ſquadron. Sir George, after hearing him with great temper, ſpiritedly made him this anſwer: "Sir, my diſtreſſes, it is true, have driven me from the boſom of my country; but no temptation whatever can eſtrange me from her ſervice: had this been a voluntary one of your own, I ſhould have deemed it an inſult. But I am glad to learn it proceeds from a quarter that can do me no wrong." The Duke de Biron was ſo ſtruck with the public virtue of the old Britiſh tar, that he inſtantly exclaimed, it is a pity ſo gallant an officer ſhould be loſt to his country, will a thouſand Louis d'ors enable you to reviſit it, and to tender your ſervices to your ſovereign; the other replied they would; the Duke immediately advanced him the ſum, with which Sir George ſet out the next day for England, where he had not arrived a week, before he returned the Duke's loan, accompanied with the moſt grateful letter, for the ſingular obligation he had ſo politely conferred upon him.

This man may be truſted by his country.

A Jew-Chriſtian doctor, after copiouſly *bleeding* a certain rich patient, during a glorious long ſickneſs, upon his laſt viſit, creeping ſoftly into the chamber, ſuppoſing his patient not to be awake, gently drew aſide the curtain, ſo as not to diſturb him in his ſlumber.—He is *dead!* ſaid the apothecary, who ſtood on the other ſide of the bed.——He certainly *is* dead, ſaid the doctor.——Strange to behold—added the apothecary—a guinea faſt

clenched between his thumb and finger.——Not at all ſtrange, rejoined the doctor—pleaſe to give it to me—it is the *fee* which he took care to have in readineſs againſt my coming.

Dr Bentley ſhewing a young lady the fine library in Trinity-College, and, among the reſt of the books, were his own writings curiouſly bound, aſked the lady 'how ſhe liked the binding:' The lady anſwered, they were extremely handſome, but ſhe choſe rather to have his *works in ſheets*.

A poor but worthy clergyman, who poſſeſſed only a ſmall lectureſhip, from the income of which he had a large family to maintain, had been under the neceſſity, through ſome expenſive family ſickneſſes, &c. of contracting debts with ſeveral in the pariſh, and being unable to anſwer their demands, abſconded for ſome time, for fear of being troubled: and, in ſhort, was ſo aſhamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, conſidering this method of life could not laſt long, he took courage, and reſolved to preach the following Sunday before his pariſhioners; when he took his text from the New Teſtament, in theſe words, "Have patience, and I will pay you all." He divided his diſcourſe into two general heads; firſt, *have patience*, ſecondly, *and I will pay you all*. He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that moſt Chriſtian virtue, patience; after which, "and now," ſays he, "having done with my firſt head, viz. 'have patience,' I come to my ſecond, and laſt general head, which is, 'and I will pay you

all;'—but that I muſt defer to another opportunity." Which excellent concluſion ſo pleaſed his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, aſſuring him, that they would never trouble him.

Pope, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Button's coffee-houſe, where he and a ſet of literati had got poring over a manuſcript of the Greek comic poet Ariſtophanes, in which they found a paſſage they could not comprehend: as they talked pretty loud, a young officer who ſtood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the paſſage.—Oh! ſays Pope ſarcaſtically, by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it; upon which the officer took up the book, and conſidering a while, ſaid, that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible: which was really the caſe; and pray, maſter, ſays Pope, (piqued perhaps at being out-done by a red-coat) what is a note of interrogation? A note of interrogation, replied the youth, with a look of the utmoſt contempt, is *a little crooked thing that aſks queſtions*. 'Tis ſaid, however, that Pope was ſo delighted with the wit, that he forgave the ſarcaſm on his perſon.

One of our late kings was riding a hunting, and coming to a gate, which he muſt go through, ſaw a country clown at it, and ſaid, "Prithee fellow, open the gate." The fellow knowing who he was, ſays, "No, and pleaſe your grace, I am not wor-

thy of that office, but I will run and tell Mr Holt, who is a juſtice of peace, two miles off, and he ſhall come and open it for your grace." So he ran away, and left the king to open the gate himſelf.

Mr K——, who is, perhaps, the moſt abſent man in the three kingdoms, came one birth-night full dreſſed to White's, and had forgot his ſtockings, which he did not recollect till he ſpilt ſome hot coffee upon his legs. He immediately ſent a waiter to buy him a pair of white ſilk ſtockings, ſaying, he was never guilty of ſuch a piece of abſence before:—when the waiter brought the ſtockings, he put them both upon one leg, and went to court.

The late Earl of S—— kept an Iriſh footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making bulls as the moſt learned of his countrymen. My Lord having ſent him with a preſent to a certain judge; the judge, in return, ſent my lord half a dozen of live partridges, with a letter; the partridges fluttering in the baſket upon Teague's back, as he was carrying them home, he ſet down the baſket, and opened the lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. "Oh! the devil burn ye," ſaid he, "I am glad you are gone;" but when he came home, and my Lord read the letter: "Why, Teague," ſaid my Lord, "*I find* there are half a dozen partridges in the letter." "Now, Arrah, dear honey," ſaid Teague, "I am glad you have found them in the *letter*, for they are all *loſt* out of the baſket."

A mayor of Yarmouth, in ancient times, being by his office a juſtice of the peace, and one who was willing to diſpenſe the laws wiſely, though he could hardly read, got himſelf the ſtatute book, where finding the law againſt *firing a beacon*, or cauſing any *beacon* to be *fired*, after nine of the clock at night; the poor man read it *frying bacon, or cauſing any bacon to be fryed!* and accordingly went out the next night upon the ſcent, and being directed by his noſe to the carrier's houſe, he found the man and his wife both *frying bacon*, the huſband holding the pan while the wife turned it: being thus caught in the fact, and having nothing to ſay for themſelves, his worſhip committed them both to jail, without bail or main prize.

The Biſhop of D——m had a ſlovenly cuſtom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the houſe of peers, relating to a proviſion for officers widows, he came with the paper in one hand, and the other, as uſual, in his breeches; and beginning to ſpeak, "I have ſomething in my hand, my Lords, (ſaid he) for the benefit of the officers widows;" upon which the Duke of Wharton immediately interrupting him, aſked, "In which hand, my Lord?"

Quin was once going in a returned poſt-chaiſe from Bath to Briſtol, when the poſt-boy, for the ſake of encreaſing his perquiſite, took up another paſſenger a ſhort way from the city, who turned out to be a mighty diſagreeable fellow-traveller; for he was not only extremely corpulent, but was much

addicted to expel wind at both extremities; add to this it was pretty warm weather, and the effluvia of the hoſe was very obnoxious. Under theſe diſagreeable circumſtances, Quin began to meditate how he ſhould get rid of his companion, without being at the expence of another vehicle; and his imagination ſupplied him, upon his fellow-traveller aſking him if he ſhould make any long ſtay at Briſtol; when Quin anſwered, that would depend upon the effects of the ſalt-waters. "What," reſumed his companion, "are you going to drink it?"—"No, Sir," anſwered Quin, "I am going to be dipped."—"Pray, Sir," rejoined the queriſt, with ſome precipitancy, "what may be your diſorder?"—"Why, Sir," ſaid Quin, "if you can keep a ſecret, I will tell you—I have been bit by a mad dog."—"Bit by a mad dog, Sir!" ſaid the other with no ſmall emotion: "I hope that you have not communicated your diſorder to any one in the ſame manner."—"Really," anſwered Quin, "to be ingenuous with you, it was but yeſterday that I bit my own ſiſter; and if my wife had not eſcaped out of the window, ſhe would have ſhared the ſame fate."—"The devil ſhe would!" reſumed the traveller: "I am in a very comfortable ſituation then." Quin now diſplayed ſome diſtortions of features and geſticulations, that convinced his fellow-traveller the critical fit was coming on; ſo that, had Quin not began to bark and howl like a dog, he would not have ſtaid much longer with him; as it was, he thought it highly prudent to open the chaiſe-door, and, at the riſk of his neck, jumpt out, and left his mad companion.

A profligate young nobleman being in company with ſome ſober people, deſired leave to toaſt the devil. The gentleman who ſat next to him ſaid, "He had no objection to any of his Lordſhips friends."

Sir William Davenant, the poet, who had no noſe, going along the Meuſe one day, a beggar woman followed him, crying, "Ah! God preſerve your eye-ſight, Sir; the Lord preſerve your eye-ſight." "Why, good woman," ſaid he, "doſt thou pray ſo much for my eye-ſight?" "Ah! dear Sir," anſwered the woman, "if it ſhould pleaſe God that you grow dim-ſighted, yeu have no place to hang your ſpectacles on."

A very ignorant, but very foppiſh young fellow, going into a bookſeller's ſhop with a relation, who went thither to buy ſomething he wanted, ſeeing his couſin look into a particular book, and ſmile, aſked him, "What there was in that book that made him ſmile?" "Why, anſwered the other, this book is dedicated to you, couſin Jack." "Is it ſo?" ſaid he, "pray let me ſee it; for I never knew before that I had ſuch an honour done to me." Upon which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkin's catechiſm, dedicated to all ignorant perſons.

A country clergyman, meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow, above ſixty, he gave him ſome reproof on that account, and aſked him if he never read at home? No, replied the clown, I cannot read: I dare ſay,

ſaid the parſon, you don't know who made you? Not I, in troth, cried the countryman. A little boy, in coming by at the ſame time, Who made you, child? ſaid the parſon. God, Sir, anſwered the boy. Why, look you there, quoth the honeſt clergyman, are you not aſhamed to hear a child of five or ſix years old tell me who made him, when you, that is ſo old a man, cannot?" "Ah! Sir," ſaid the countryman, "it is no wonder that he ſhould remember; he was made but t'other day, it is a great while, meaſter, ſin I was made."

An ingenious young gentleman, at the univerſity of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-chancellor, and the heads of the colleges, at St Mary's, and having formerly obſerved the drowſineſs of the Vice-chancellor, took this place of ſcripture for his text: "What! cannot you watch one hour?" At every diviſion he concluded with his text; which, by reaſon of the Vice-chancellor, ſitting ſo near the pulpit, often waked him. This was ſo noted among the wits, that it was the talk of the whole univerſity; and withal it did ſo nettle the Vice-chancellor, that he complained to the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, who, willing to redreſs him, ſent for this ſcholar up to London, to defend him againſt the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave ſo many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbiſhop enjoined him to preach before King James. After ſome excuſes, he at length condeſcended; and coming to the pulpit, begins, "James the firſt, and ſixth, waver not;" meaning the firſt King of England,

and the ſixth of Scotland. At firſt the King was ſomewhat amazed at the text; but in the end was ſo well pleaſed with his ſermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary. After this advancement, the Archbiſhop ſent him down to Oxford to make his recantation to the Vice-chancellor, and to take leave of the univerſity, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verſe of the former text, "Sleep on now, and take thy reſt." Concluding his ſermon, he made his apology to the Vice-chancellor, ſaying, Whereas I ſaid before, which gave offence, "What! cannot you watch one hour?" I ſay now, "Sleep on, and take your reſt;" and ſo left the univerſity.

A common liar, who, to the improvement of his faculty, had been a traveller, was telling very ſtrange ſtories of the remarkable things which he had met with while he was abroad: Among the reſt, he ſaid there were cannon ſo large in Egypt, that, being in a calaſh once, drawn by four horſes, and a ſudden ſhower of rain falling, he drove into one of them for ſhelter, calaſh and all. Oh! ſays a gentleman who was liſtening to him, I can vouch the truth of that myſelf; for I remember I was at the very ſame time at the other end of it in a poſt chaiſe; and upon your coming in at the mouth, I drove out at the touch-hole.

A Quaker, that was a barber, being ſued by the parſon for tithes; *Yea* and *Nay* went to him, and demanded the reaſon why he troubled him, ſeeing he had never any dealings with him in his

whole life: Why, ſays the parſon, it is for tithes; ſays the Quaker, I pr'thee, friend, upon what account? Why, ſays the parſon, for preaching in the church. Alas! then, replied the Quaker, I come not there. Oh! but you might, ſaid the parſon, for the doors are always open at convenient times; and thereupon told him he would be paid, ſeeing it was his due. *Yea* and *Nay* hereupon ſhaked his ears, and making ſeveral wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation town) againſt the parſon for forty ſhillings. The parſon, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, why he put ſuch a diſgrace upon him, and for what did he owe him money? Truly, friend, replied the Quaker, for trimming. For trimming, ſaid the parſon; why, I never was trimm'd by you in my life: Oh! but thou might'ſt have come and been trimm'd if thou hadſt pleaſed, for my doors are always open at convenient times as well as thine.

A countryman driving an aſs by St James's gate one day, which being dull and reſty, he was forced to beat it very much; a gentleman coming out of the gate, chid the fellow for uſing his beaſt ſo cruelly: "Oh, dear Sir," ſaid the countryman, "I am glad to find my aſs has a friend at court."

One morning, while Alderman Barber was in bed, he was viſited by Mr Deputy B—d, who without any ceremony, bolted into the chamber, being told that he was ill of the gout. The deputy, after the uſual compliments, ſat down and entered into converſation; but obſerving the cur-

tains to be close drawn, and the alderman to be more reserved than usual, he began to suspect something more than ordinary to be the matter, and casting his eyes round the room, he espied a woman's shoe just under the bed: "Well, Mr Alderman," said he, "I hope you are not dangerously ill." "I am miserably tormented in my feet," replied the alderman." "I don't wonder at that," said the deputy, "when you wear such narrow-toed shoes," reaching the lady's shoe at the same time. The alderman, who could not help smiling at the discovery, laid aside his forced reserve, and said, "If that's the case, Mr Deputy, I'll get another pair."

An alderman of a certain body corporate, not remarkable for the greatest extent of knowledge, being present at a public entertainment, where the Mediterranean happened to be the chief topic of conversation, addressed himself very gravely to the company: "Pray, gentlemen, is the Mediterranean a corporation town like ours?"

'Tis said, that Rabelais, sensible of the approach of death, he was for having a *Domino* put upon him: "Then," says he, "I shall be safe, for the Scripture affirms, *Beati qui in Domino moriuntur.*"

This will is likewise made for him: "I am not worth a single souse; I am over head and ears in debt; the remainder I bequeathe to pious uses."

A nobleman, who was very ignorant, being at table with Descartes, and seeing him eat of two

or three nice diſhes with pleaſure; "How!" ſaid he to him, "do philoſophers meddle with dainties?" "Why not?" ſaid Deſcartes, "is it to be imagined, that the wiſe God created good things only for dunces?"

John Taylor, the water poet, being on board the ſhip Hector, the captain making him merry with punch, he began to be very poetical, and ſaluted the captain with theſe lines:

Moſt noble Hector, and thou ſon of Priam,
I wiſh thou wert but half ſo drunk as I am.

A witty knave bargained with a ſeller of lace, in London, for ſo much fine lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, he told her, he believed ſhe had not quite enough to perform the contract, for one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Briſtol; and therefore he would take what ſhe had in part, and give her her own time to provide the reſt.

The famous Arthur Moor, who was much in favour with the Tory Miniſtry, the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, had a lady, who was reckoned a woman of great wit and humour, but of political principles quite oppoſite to thoſe of her huſband. After the death of the Queen, when it was rumoured, that the late miniſtry would be called to an account; the Lord Bolingbroke meeting one day with Mrs Moor at a viſit. "Well, Madam," ſaid he, "you hear how terribly we are threaten'd; you'll come, I hope, and ſee me when I go to Tower-hill?" "Upon my word, my

Lord," ſaid ſhe, "I ſhould be exceeding glad to do it; but I believe I ſhall be engaged another way, for I am told, my Snub (ſo ſhe called her huſband) will be obliged to go the ſame day to Tyburn."

The ſame lady, coming home one evening, told her huſband, ſhe wiſhed him joy, for ſhe heard he was to be made a lord. "And, pray," ſaid he, "what did they ſay was to be my title?" "My Lord Tariff," replied ſhe, which was a ſneer upon him, for having been engaged in ſettling a Tariff of trade, which he was thought well ſkilled in. "And why don't you, when you hear any one abuſe your huſband, ſpit in his face? "No, thank you," anſwered the lady, "I don't intend to ſpit myſelf into a conſumption."

An old lady being at table, and mumbling a piece of brawn that was very horney for a long time; at length, by its elaſticity, it jumped out of her mouth upon the plate of a young gentleman, who ſate on the oppoſite ſide of the table; but he, not ſeeing from whence it came, quickly eat it up. Good lack! ſaid the old lady, what a fine thing it is to be young and have one's teeth. I have been mumbling and tumbling that piece of brawn in my mouth this half hour to no purpoſe, and that young gentleman has chewed and ſwallowed it in a minute.

An Iriſh lawyer had a client, of his own country, who was a ſailor, and having been at ſea ſome time, his wife was married again in his ab-

ſence, ſo he was reſolved to proſecute her; and coming to adviſe with the counſellor, he told him he muſt have witneſſes to prove, that he was alive when his wife married again. "Arrah, by my ſhoul, but that ſhall be impoſſible," ſaid the other, "for my ſhip-mates are all gone to ſea again upon long voyages, and ſhan't return this twelvemonth." "Oh! then," anſwered the counſellor, "there can be nothing done in it, and what a pity it is that ſuch a brave cauſe ſhould be loſt now, only becauſe you can't prove yourſelf alive."

The late Earl of Shaftſbury going out one day, called his Iriſh footman to the ſide of his chariot, and bade him tell Mr Such-a-one, if he came, he ſhould be at home at dinner. When his Lordſhip was got acroſs the ſquare in which he lived, Teague came puffing after him, and calling to the coachman to ſtop; upon which my Lord pulling the ſtring, deſired to know what Teague wanted; "My Lord," ſaid he, "you bade me tell Mr Such-a-one, if he came, you would be at home at dinner; but what muſt I ſay to him, if he don't come?"

Anecdote of Mr Gay.

Soon after Mr Gay had compoſed his tragedy, called *The Captives*, he had intereſt enough with the late Queen Caroline, then Princeſs of Wales, to excite her Royal Highneſs's curioſity to hear him read it to her at Leiceſter-houſe. The day was fixed, and Mr Gay was commanded to attend. He waited ſome time in a preſence-chamber with his play in his hand; but being a very modeſt

man, and unequal to the trial he was going to; when the door of the drawing-room, where the Princeſs ſat with her ladies, was opened for his entrance, he was ſo much confuſed and concerned about making his proper obeiſance, that he did not ſee a low footſtool that happened to be near him, and ſtumbling over it, he fell againſt a large ſcreen, which he overſet, and threw the ladies into no ſmall diſorder. Her Royal Highneſs's great goodneſs ſoon reconciled this whimſical accident; but the unlucky author was not ſo ſoon clear of his confuſion.

A punſter, going along the Strand, when a great mob of ſpectators was gathered to ſee a malefactor paſs to his execution at Charing-croſs, aſked a genteel perſon who was ſtanding in the crowd, "What was the name of the fellow going to be hanged?" He anſwered, one *Vowel*. "Ah!" ſaid the queriſt, "do you know which of them it is, Sir, for there are ſeveral of that name?" No, returned the other, I do not. "Well," ſaid the wag, "this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither U nor I."

Anecdote of Mr Ryan and Mr Quin.

Many years ago, the tragedy of Cato was opened with old Ryan in the character of young Portius. Being attacked with 'Prologue! Prologue!' by the galleries, he ſtept forward, and with the ſame peculiar cracked trill in his voice, with which he acted his part, told the audience—'that there had been no prologue to Cato for fifty years'—and then keeping the ſame tone, went on with his

part—'The great, th'important day!'—but the galleries were ſtill mutinous. At laſt, the ſtoical Portius loſt his temper, and cocking his chin at the upper region, addreſſed them thus: "Gentlemen above; if you will have a prologue, you muſt ſpeak it yourſelves, for damn me if I can.' At going off the ſtage, he met his friend Quin, who took him by the hand—'Thank thee, Ryan—you have ſpoken like an angel to 'em—damn their bloods.'

When the ſplendid folio edition of Cæſar's commentaries, by Clarke, publiſhed on purpoſe to be preſented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was lately ſold at the ſale of Mr Topham Beauclerk's library for forty-four pounds; it was accompanied with an anecdote reſpecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deſerves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had the book in his poſſeſſion, his mother being informed it was of ſome value, wiſhed to diſpoſe of it; and being told Mr T. Beauclerk was a proper perſon to offer it to, ſhe waited upon him for that purpoſe. He aſked what ſhe required for it, and being anſwered four guineas, took it without heſitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being deſirous, however, of information with reſpect to the nature of the purchaſe he had made, he went to an eminent bookſeller in this town, and enquired of him what he would give for ſuch a book; the bookſeller replied, ſeventeen guineas. Mr B——, actuated by principles of ſtrict juſtice and benevolence, went immediately to the perſon who ſold him the book, and telling her

ſhe had been miſtaken in the value of the book, not only gave her the additional thirteen guineas, but alſo generouſly beſtowed a further gratuity upon her. This anecdote is recorded with the greateſt ſatisfaction, as it does juſtice to the memory of a character lately conſpicuous amongſt us for erudition and talents.

William Lyon, a ſtrolling player, who uſed, ſome years ago, to perform at Edinburgh, and who was excellent in the part of Gibby, the Highlander, gave the following inſtance of a ſurpriſing memory:

One evening, over the bottle, he wagered a crown bowl of punch (a liquor of which he was very fond) that he, next morning at the rehearſal, would repeat a Daily Advertiſer, from beginning to end. At the rehearſal, his opponent reminded him of his wager, imagining he was drunk the night before, that he muſt certainly have forgot it, and rallied him ſeverely on his boaſting of his memory. Lyon pulled out the paper, and deſired him to be judge, whether he did or did not win the wager. Notwithſtanding the odd connection of the paragraphs, the number and variety of the advertiſements, and the general chaos, which is the compoſition of any newſpaper, he repeated it from beginning to end, without any miſtake.

I know this to be true, and believe the like cannot be produced in any age or nation. Lyon died at Edinburgh a few years ſince.

On Sunday, May 6th, 1733, Was buried at Whittleſea, Mr John Underwood, of Naſſington,

of whoſe funeral take the following account: He was brought to his grave exactly at five in the afternoon, and as ſoon as the burial ſervice was over, an arch was turned over the coffin, in which was placed over the breaſt a ſmall piece of white marble, with this inſcription, *non omnis morior*, (I ſhall not all die) I. Underwood, 1733. When the grave was filled up, and the turf laid down, the ſix gentlemen who followed him to the grave, ſung the laſt ſtanza of the twentieth ode of Horace. Every thing was carried on according to his own deſire in his will. No bell was tolled, no one invited to the burial but the ſix before mentioned gentlemen, and no relation followed the corpſe; his coffin was painted green, a colour he was very fond of in his lifetime. He was laid in his coffin with all his wearing cloaths on; under his head was placed Sanadon's Horace, at his feet Bentley's Milton; and in his right hand a ſmall Greek Teſtament, in his left a little edition of Horace, and Bentley's Horace under his breech. The ceremony being over, the gentlemen went back to his houſe, where his ſiſter had provided them a handſome cold ſupper; the cloth being taken away, the gentlemen ſung the thirty-firſt ode of Horace; drank a chearful glaſs, and departed about eight o'clock in the evening, after having, according to his requeſt, received each ten guineas from his ſiſter; they were all in coloured cloaths. After this direction about his funeral—he concludes his will with the following words:—Which done, I would have them to take a chearful glaſs, and think no more of John Underwood.

Guſtavus Adolphus, that heroic king of Sweden, having entered a city of Franconia, at the head of his army, was deſirous of ſeeing the curioſities of the place. On his coming into the cathedral church, he took notice of the ſtatues of the twelve apoſtles, of maſſy ſilver, that were among the ornaments of it. "Hey, gentlemen!" ſaid he to the magiſtrates attending him, "how come you to confine the diſciples of our Saviour in this manner within your walls, when his order was, that they ſhould go abroad throughout all the earth, preaching his goſpel. Upon my word, they ſhall not ſtay loitering here, but proceed to execute their commiſſion." Accordingly, he preſently coined them into money, with an emblem thereon to the honour of Jeſus Chriſt, and by that means effectually diſperſed them.

But, as this monarch was in many inſtances amiable and charming, he was in others ſevere and terrible.

Two very honeſt gentlemen who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the ſtreet, one aſked the other, how the devil he could afford to underſell him every where as he did, when he ſtole the ſtuff, and made the brooms himſelf? "Why, you ſilly dog," anſwered the other, "I ſteal them ready made."

Quin having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him; and having no manner of averſion to a good repaſt, he accordingly waited upon his lordſhip; but found the regale far from anſwering his expectation. Upon his ta-

king leave, the ſervants, who were very numerous, had ranged themſelves in the hall: Quin finding that if he gave to each of them, it would amount to a pretty large ſum, aſked, Which was the cook; who readily anſwered, "Me, Sir." He then enquired for the butler; who was as quick in replying as the other; when he ſaid to the firſt, "Here's half a crown for my eating," and to the other, "Here's five ſhillings for my wine; but by G—d, gentlemen, I never made ſo bad a dinner, for the money, in my life."

Soon after my Lord Ch——ld came into the privy-council, a place of great truſt happened to become vacant, to which his M——ty and the Duke of D——t recommended two very different perſons. His M——ty eſpouſed the intereſt of his friend with ſome heat, and told them, "He would be obey'd;" but not being able to ſucceed, he left the council-chamber in great diſpleaſure. As ſoon as he retired, the matter was debated warmly, but at length it was carried againſt the K—g; "becauſe if they once gave him his way, he would expect it again, and ſo it would riſe at length to a precedent." However, in the humour his M——ty was then in, a queſtion aroſe, who ſhould carry the grant of the office for his M——ty to ſign; and the lot fell on Lord Ch——ld. His Lordſhip expecting to find his M——ty in a very unfavourable mood, (and accordingly it happened ſo) prudently forebore to incenſe him by an abrupt requeſt; and, inſtead of bluntly aſking him to ſign the inſtrument, ſubmiſſively aſked *whoſe name* his M——ty would be pleaſed to have in-

ſerted, to fill up the blanks. The K—g anſwered in a paſſion, "The devil's, if you will."—— "Very well," reply'd his Lordſhip; "but would your M——y have the inſtrument run in the uſual ſtyle, 'Our truſty and well-beloved couſin and counſellor?" The K—g laughed, and with all the good-nature in the world, ſet his name to the paper, though to promote a perſon not very acceptable to himſelf.

Mr John Ogle, one of the private gentlemen of the firſt troop of Horſe Guards, wanting a pair of boots to mount guard in, goes into a ſhoemaker's ſhop, and aſked for a pair of boots, which were brought him. They fitting him, he walked up and down the ſhop, to ſettle them to his feet; but 'ſpying an opportunity, he ran out of the ſhop, and the ſhoemaker after him, crying, 'Stop thief! ſtop thief!' Ogle ſaid, 'No, 'tis for a wager, I am to run in boots, and he in ſhoes.' Then ſaid the mob, "Well run Boots, for Shoes will never overtake thee."

King George II. once on his return to England from his German dominions, having his carriage broken down between the Brill and Helvoetſluys, was obliged to ſtop at an obſcure public houſe on the road, while ſome of the ſervants went forward to order another carriage. The refreſhment he had here was a pot of coffee for himſelf and Lord Delawar, and four bottles of Holland's gin made into punch for the footmen: however, when the bill came to be called for, the *honeſt* Dutchman, knowing who he had under his roof, made out the fol-

lowing charge: "To refreſhments for his ſacred Majeſty King George II. and houſehold, 91l." Lord Delawar was ſo provoked at ſuch an impoſition, that he could not forbear raiſing his voice ſo loud, that the king overheard him, and inſiſted upon knowing the particulars, which his Lordſhip had no ſooner acquainted him of, than he very good-humouredly replied, "He be von very great rogue; however, My Lord, let him be paid; kings very ſeldom call this way."

One having a kinſwoman come out of the country, that had never ſeen London before, invited her abroad; and having ſhewn her the Tombs in Weſtminſter, came with her to the King's Chapel, when the organs were playing, and entering in, he took her by the hand to lead her to a convenient ſeat; but ſhe held back, ſaying, "Indeed, Couſin, you muſt excuſe me, for I cannot dance."

Cardinal de Bellay, to whom Rabelais was domeſtic phyſician, being troubled with an hypocondriac humour; it was reſolved, by the ſkilful gentlemen of the faculty in a conſultation, that an aperitive decoction ſhould be made without delay for his eminence. Upon this, Rabelais takes himſelf away, leaving the junto to prate themſelves into a ſweat for a higher fee, orders a huge fire in the yard, and one of the largeſt kettles, brimful of water, to be ſet on, into which he threw all the keys he could find or borrow; then ſtripping off his doublet, fell to ſtirring them about with all the anxiety of a cook, leſt they ſhould not boil well. The doctors, at their coming down, ſurpri-

ſed at ſuch an apparatus, and aſking Rabelais the meaning of his ſedulity; he anſwered, "Gentlemen, I am about your preſcriptions; keys being, of all things, the beſt apertures; and if this does not ſatisfy you, I'll diſpatch a meſſenger to the arſenal for half a dozen battering cannon, to make the finiſhing aperture."

Mr Ogle being one day at Locket's Ordinary, where he was playing at hazard with a great many lords, he had very good luck at gaming amongſt them; therefore, he ordered a porter to go up and down the ſtreets, and bring to him as many poor people as he could get; who, in a little time, brought in upwards of an hundred beggars. Whereupon Ogle ordered them a ſhilling a-piece in meat and drink. By the time they had made an end of their allowance, Mr Ogle had broke all the perſons of quality, diſcharging the mumpers reckoning, and giving them ſixpence a-piece beſide. As he was going into Spring-Gardens, he met the Duke of Monmouth, who aſked him where he had been? Been! quoth he; why I have been fulfilling the Scriptures. I am afraid, ſays the Duke, you know nothing of the matter. "No matter for that," ſaid Ogle, "but I have 'filled the hungry with good things, and the rich I have ſent empty away'."

Dr Hough, late Biſhop of Worceſter, was remarkable for his ſweetneſs of temper, as well as every other Chriſtian virtue; of which the following ſtory affords a proof. A young gentleman, whoſe family had been well acquainted with the

Biſhop, in making the tour of England before he went abroad, called to pay his reſpects to his Lordſhip as he paſſed by his ſeat in the country. It happened to be dinner-time, and the room full of company. The Biſhop, however, received him with much familiarity, but the ſervant, in reaching him a chair, threw down a curious weather-glaſs that had coſt twenty guineas, and broke it. The gentleman was under infinite concern, and began to excuſe the ſervant, and make an apology for being himſelf the occaſion of the accident; when the Biſhop, with great good-nature, interrupted him, "Be under no concern, Sir," ſaid his Lordſhip, ſmiling, "for I am much beholden to you for it. We have had a very dry ſeaſon; and now I hope we ſhall have rain. I never ſaw the glaſs ſo low in my life." Every body was pleaſed with the humour and pleaſantry of the turn; and the more ſo, as his Lordſhip was then turned of eighty, a time of life when the infirmities of old-age make moſt men peeviſh and haſty.

Anecdote of Sir Iſaac Newton.

The late Dr Stukely one day, by appointment, viſiting Sir Iſaac Newton, the ſervant told him, he was in his ſtudy. No one was permitted to diſturb him there; but as it was near dinner-time, the viſitor ſat down to wait for him. After a time, dinner was brought in; a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour paſſed, and Sir Iſaac did not appear. The Doctor eat the fowl, and covering up the empty diſh, bad them dreſs their maſter another. Before that was ready, the great man came down; he apologized for his delay, and

added, "Give me but leave to take my ſhort dinner, and I ſhall be at your ſervice; I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover; and without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a ſmile; "See," ſays he, "what we ſtudious people are, I forgot I had din'd."

Anecdote of Judge Jefferys.

At a conteſted election for a member to ſerve in parliament for the town of Arundel, in Suſſex, government ſtrenuouſly interfered, and that ſo openly as to ſend Jefferys, then Lord Chancellor, with inſtructions to uſe every method to procure the return of the court candidate. On the day of election, in order to intimidate the electors, he placed himſelf on the huſtings, cloſe by the returning officer, the mayor, who had been an attorney, but was retired from buſineſs, with an ample fortune and fair character. This officer well knew the chancellor, but, for prudential reaſons, acted as if he was a ſtranger both to his perſon and rank.

In the courſe of the poll, that magiſtrate, who ſcrutinized every man before he admitted him to vote, rejected one of the court party; at which, Jefferys, riſing in a heat, after ſeveral indecent reflections, declared the man ſhould poll, adding, "I am the Lord Chancellor of this realm." The mayor, regarding him with a look of the higheſt contempt, replied, "Your ungentleman like behaviour convinces me, it is impoſſible you ſhould be the perſon you pretend; was you the Chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone preſide;" then turning to the crier, "Officer," ſaid he, "turn that fellow out

of court." His commands were obeyed without hesitation; the chancellor retired to his inn, in great confusion, and the election terminated in favour of the popular candidate.

In the evening, the mayor, to his great surprise, received a message from Jefferys, desiring the favour of his company at the inn; which he declining, the chancellor came to his house, and being introduced to him, made the following compliment: "Sir, notwithstanding we are in different interests, I cannot help revering one who so well knows, and dares so nobly execute, the law; and though I myself was somewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned, are independent, but you may have some relation who is not so well provided for; if you have, let me have the pleasure of presenting him with a considerable place in my gift, just now vacant."—Such an offer, and so handsomely made, could not fail of drawing the acknowledgments of the party to whom it was made; he having a nephew in no very affluent circumstances, named him to the chancellor, who immediately signed the necessary instrument for his appointment to a very lucrative and honourable employment.

Two remarkable instances of the power of Resentment and Gratitude in private Soldiers.

At the siege of Lisle, in Queen Ann's time, upon an attack of some of the out-works, the grenadiers of the 15th regiment of foot were obliged to retire, by the springing of a mine, or by the superiority of the defendants fire: in this retreat the lieutenant of these grenadiers, remarkable for

his ill-treatment of them, was wounded and fell. The grenadiers were paſſing on, nor heeded his intreaties to help him off; at laſt he laid hold of a pair of ſhoes that were tied to the waiſt-belt of one of them; the grenadier, regardleſs of his ſituation, and in reſentment of his former ill-uſage, took out a knife from his pocket, with which he cut the ſtring, and left them with him, with this remarkable expreſſion, 'There! there is a new pair of ſhoes for you to carry to hell.'

The ſoldiers of a certain Scots regiment heard that their lieutenant colonel was to retire, and that a captain, and not their major, who was their great favourite, was to purchaſe of him. They held a conſultation amongſt themſelves, and the reſult was a deputation of two or three of them to wait on the major; who, in a very reſpectful manner, begged to know if there was any truth in the report, and why he did not purchaſe the lieutenant colonelcy? He told them, that what they had heard was very true, and that he could not purchaſe for want of money. They then entreated him to take no ſteps in the affair until they had made their report to their comrades; which they immediately did, and by them were ordered to wait again on the major, and to tell him, that the whole regiment was ſo ſenſible of his merit as an officer, and had always been ſo well uſed by him, that they were determined he ſhould not have the mortification of a younger officer coming over him: they therefore earneſtly intreated him to make a bargain for the commiſſion in agitation, and they would furniſh the money, which they had actually raiſed amongſt themſelves, and which the

deputies laid before him at the ſame time. This ſingular act of generoſity and gratitude did not take place; for the lieutenant colonel was either killed or preferred, I forget which now, and the major ſucceeded him, to the great joy of the whole corps.

An old gentleman being ſick of an impoſthume, and his ſervants believing he would die, took what they could, and went away. An old ape, ſeeing what the reſt did, found an old hat of his maſter's, and ſeeing the reſt of the ſervants bid him adieu, he put his hat off, and bowed to him; at which the gentleman laughed ſo heartily, that his impoſthume broke, and he recovered.

A poor Cavalier Corporal being condemned to die, writ this letter to his wife the day before he expected to ſuffer, thinking it would come to hand the day after execution:

Dear Wife,

"Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this preſent writing; This is to let you know, that yeſterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd; I died very penitently, and every body thought my caſe very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherleſs children.

Yours till death, W. R.

A very modeſt young gentleman of the County of Tipperary, having made many fruitleſs attempts to gain the affections of a young lady of good fortune, at laſt reſolved to try what the power of mu-

ſic could do, and accordingly entertained her with a ſerenade under her window at midnight: But, alas! the only return he met with was, a ſhower of ſtones, which ſhe ordered her ſervants to throw at him. "O! my friend," ſaid one of his companions, "your muſic is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very ſtones about you."

A gentleman being in a crowd, a thief picked his pocket. His man being behind him (and hur was a Welſhman) drew out hur knife, and cut one of the thief's ears off, and cry'd, "Give hur maſter hur purſe, and hur will give hur hur ear again."

A country parſon having divided his text under two and twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry, a neighbour, pulling him by the ſleeve, aſked him, whither he was going? Home for my night-cap, anſwered the other, for I find we are to ſtay here all night.

One told another, who did not uſe to have new cloaths very often, that his new coat was too *ſhort* for him. "That's true," ſaid he, "but it will be *long* enough before I get another."

Old Dennis, who had wrote ſeveral plays, going by a Brandy-ſhop in St Paul's church-yard, the man who kept it, came out to him, and deſired the favour of him to take a dram. For what reaſon, ſays he? Becauſe you are a dramatick Poet, anſwer'd the other. Well, thou art an out

of-the-way fellow, ſaid the old gentleman, and I will drink a dram with thee. Which having done, the man aſk'd him to pay for it. 'Sdeath, Sir, ſays the bard, did not you aſk me to drink a dram, becauſe I was a Dramatick Poet? Yes, Sir, reply'd the Brandy-man, but I did not think you had been a Dram o'Tick Poet.

Dean Swift had uſually a ſquabble with ſome or other of his ſervants at dinner-time. One day at dinner, he placed himſelf at the head of the table, oppoſite to a great pier-glaſs, and behind him was a marble-ſideboard, ſo that he could ſee in the glaſs whatever his ſervants did at it. The beef was brought up; but being over-roaſted, put all the company in confuſion; the Dean called for the Cook, and ordered her to take it away and do it leſs; the maid anſwered very innocently, that ſhe could not. "Why, what a ſort of creature are you," ſays he, "to commit a fault that cannot be mended?" Then turning to the company, ſaid very gravely, "That he hoped, as the cook was a woman of genius, he ſhould, by this manner of arguing, be able, in about a year's time, to convince her, ſhe had better to ſend up the meat too little than too much done;" charging the men-ſervants, whenever they imagined the meat was ready, they ſhould take it, ſpit and all, and bring it up by force, promiſing to aid them, if the cook reſiſted. The Dean then turning his eye on the looking-glaſs, eſpied the butler opening a bottle of ale, and helping himſelf to the firſt glaſs; them jumbled the reſt together, that his maſter and the gueſts might all fair alike. "Ha!

friend," ſays the Dean, "ſharp's the word; I find you drank my ale, for which I ſtop two ſhillings of your boardwages this week, for I ſcorn to be out-done in any thing, even in cheating."

When the Dean paid a viſit to any of his friends, it was his way to run up into the garret, then into the bed-chambers, and then down into the kitchen, ſaying, "It was his cuſtom; and that 'twas from the cleanlineſs of the garret and kitchen, that he judged of the good houſewifry of the miſtreſs of the houſe; for no doubt, but a ſlut would have the rooms clean where the gueſts were to be entertained."

The famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a captain of marines, was quartered at a village, where he buried a great number of his men. At length the parſon refuſed to perform the ceremony of interment any more; which being told the captain, he ordered ſix of his company to carry the corpſe of a ſoldier then dead, and lay him upon the parſon's hall-table. This ſo embarraſſed the prieſt, that he ſent the captain word, "If he would fetch the man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing."

A fellow ſtanding on the pillory at Temple-bar, occaſioned a ſtop, ſo that a carman had much ado to paſs with his loaded cart. On coming to the pillory, he aſked what that was wrote over the perſon's head? They told him it was a paper to ſignify his crime, that he ſtood there for forgery. Ay! ſaid he, what's forgery? They ſaid, it was

counterfeiting another's hand, with an intent to cheat people. The carman then looking up at the offender, cried, "O pox, this comes of your writing and reading, you filly dog."

A rich old miſer finding himſelf very ill, ſent for a parſon to adminiſter the laſt conſolation of the church to him. Whilſt the ceremony was performing, old Gripus falls into a fit; on his recovery, the Doctor offered the cup to him: "Indeed," ſays he, "I can't afford to lend above twenty ſhillings upon it, I can't upon my word."

One who had a very termagant wife, lying on her death-bed, deſired her huſband, that, as ſhe had brought him a fortune, he would give her leave to make her will, for beſtowing a few legacies on her relations: "No, Madam," ſays he, "you have had your will all your lifetime, and now I will have mine."

A famous teacher of Arithmetic, having been long married without being able to get his wife with child, on one ſaying to her, Madam, your huſband is an excellent Arithmetician. "Yes," replied ſhe, "only he cannot multiply."

A parſon in his ſermon, inveighing vehemently againſt uſury, ſaid, it was as bad as wilful-murder. Some time afterwards, having occaſion to borrow twenty pounds himſelf, and requeſting that favour of one of his pariſhioners, the man replied, "Sir, would you have me guilty of a crime you ſo much condemn, and lend out money upon uſe?" No,

ſaid the parſon, I would have you lend it gratis. "Ay," replied the other; "but, in my opinion, if lending money upon uſe be as bad as wilful-murder, lending it gratis can be no better than *ſelo de ſe*."

Anecdote of his Majeſty King George I.

When the Earl of Nithſdale made his eſcape out of the Tower, the night before he was to be executed, the deputy-lieutenant of the Tower, as ſoon as it was known, went to St James's to acquaint the King with it, and to vindicate himſelf from any remiſſneſs or treachery in his conduct. His Majeſty was entertaining himſelf with a ſelect party of the nobility, and it was with ſome difficulty the Lieutenant gained admittance; when, with ſome terror and concern in his countenance, he told his Majeſty he had ſome bad news to acquaint him with; the King ſaid directly, "What! is the city of London on fire? or is there an inſurrection?" He ſaid, "No," but told him of Nithſdale's eſcape. The King moſt humanely replied, "Is that all? It was the wiſeſt thing he could do, and what I would do were I in his place."

A country fellow, being one night got into a gentleman's orchard, with a deſign to rob a mulberry-tree, had not been long there, before a man and a maid ſervant, belonging to the houſe, came juſt under the ſame tree, which made him lie very ſnug till the buſineſs was over they came about. When all was done, "O! John," ſaid ſhe, "now you have had your filthy will of me, what if I

ſhould prove with child, who will take care of it?" "There is one above, I hope," ſaid John, "will provide for it." 'Is there ſo,' ſaid the fellow in the tree; 'but I'll have you to know, that if I I provide for any one's baſtard, it ſhall be for one of my own getting.'

About thirty years ago, great complaints were made that the watchmen of London and Weſtminſter had neglected their duty to a great degree. On this a wiſe ſenator made a motion in the Houſe of Commons for leave to bring in a bill to compel watchmen to ſleep in the day, that they might the better diſcharge their duty in the night. The late Sir James Creed begged the honourable member would include him in his bill, for he was ſo curſedly troubled with the gout, that he could neither ſleep night nor day.

During the preſent indiſcriminate preſs, in virtue of the temporary act of parliament (which is to be in force for five months from the 16th of June laſt) a preſs-gang ſeized a perſon of very genteel appearance, who urged as a plea for being ſet at liberty, that he was a gentleman; a ſailor, in reply, ſaid, "So much the better—for we have preſſed a parcel of damn'd blackguards, and we want a gentleman to teach them good manners."

Soon after the appearance of Mr Garrick at the theatre of Drury-Lane, when he, by his aſtoniſhing powers, brought all the world to that theatre, and Mr Rich was playing his pantomimes at Covent Garden to empty benches—the two gentle-

men, Mr Garrick and Mr Rich, met one morning at the Bedford—they fell into converſation, and Mr Garrick aſked the Covent Garden manager how much his houſe would hold when crouded with company? "Why, maſter," replies Mr Rich, in as elegant a compliment as was ever given, "Why, maſter, I cannot tell, but if you will come and play Richard for one night, I ſhall be able to give you an account."

Fable, applicable to the preſent ſituation of Great Britain and her Colonies.

An aged, way-worn camel being repugnantly hurried along a dirty break-neck road, tethered as ſhe was to a filly-foal of her own, the dam could not help piteouſly exclaiming, "O daughter, without affection! how canſt thou drag me on at this furious rate?" the filly replied, "O mother, without diſcernment! doſt thou not ſee that my bridle is in the hands of another?"

Anecdote of the late Prince of Wales, and of his preſent Majeſty, when Prince George.

Goupee, an excellent artiſt, was in high favour with the late Prince of Wales, and he daily attended his Royal Highneſs to paint pictures on ſuch ſubjects as he ſhould dictate. One morning upon Goupee's arrival at Leiceſter houſe, "Come, Goupee," ſaid the Prince, "ſit down and paint me a picture on ſuch a ſubject." Goupee, perceiving Prince George (his preſent Majeſty) a priſoner behind a chair, took the liberty humbly to repreſent to his Royal Patron, how impoſſible it was for him to ſit down to execute his Royal

Highneſs's commands with ſpirit, while the Prince was ſtanding, and under his royal diſpleaſure.—"Come out then George, ſaid the good-natured Prince, Goupee has releaſed you." When Goupee was eighty-four, and very poor, he had a mad woman to nurſe and maintain, who was the object of his delight when young; he therefore put himſelf in the King's ſight at Kenſington, where he lived. At length the King ſtopped his coach, and called him to him. "How do you do, Goupee?" ſaid the King; and aſked him if he had ſufficient to live upon. "Little enough, indeed," anſwered Goupee, "and as I once took your Majeſty out of priſon, I hope you will not let me go into one." His Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to order Goupee a guinea a week for his life, which he enjoyed only a few weeks, dying ſoon after.

There lived in Briſtol, a gentleman who was ſo remarkably thin, that he generally went by the appellation of *Skeleton*. One evening he was ſeized with a very amorous fit, and purſuing the maid into the cellar, he attempted to be rude with her: His wife, ſuſpecting what was going forward below ſtairs, ſtole ſlyly down, at the time her huſband was expreſſing himſelf to the maid in theſe words: "You are ſo tempting, that *fleſh* and *blood* cannot withſtand it." The wife immediately replied, "If fleſh and blood cannot withſtand it, I think *ſkin* and *bones* might."

A curate of great learning and merit, but without any view of preferment, found an opportunity of preaching in Worceſter cathedral, when Dr

Hough was biſhop of that ſee; the curate made a moſt excellent diſcourſe, in which diſcourſe he diſcovered greater abilities than was uſually found in the common run of young clergymen. The Biſhop, who was preſent, and had remarked him, ſent, after ſervice was over, his verger with a meſſage, deſiring to know of the young gentleman his name, and where his living was? "My duty to his lordſhip, Sir," ſaid he to the verger, "and tell him, my name is Lewis; *that* living *I have none, but my* ſtarving *is in Wales.*" His lordſhip was not diſpleaſed with the humour of his anſwer, and in a ſhort time remembered to provide for him.

During a ſhort truce in Queen Anne's wars in Flanders, the cook of a marſhal of France invited Mr Lamb, cook to the Duke of Marlborough, to dinner, which invitation Mr Lamb very readily accepted. The Frenchman had at his entertainment all the extraordinary kickſhaws the fertile imagination of his country's genius could invent; and Mr Lamb was highly and elegantly entertained. At parting, great profeſſions of friendſhip paſſed on both ſides, and the Frenchman promiſed ſoon to return the viſit; which he accordingly did? but to his great aſtoniſhment, and to the ſurpriſe of thoſe he carried with him, Mr Lamb had prepared nothing for his reception but a plain ſurloin of beef and a plumb-pudding. "Sir," ſaid the Frenchman in broken Engliſh, "begar, me expect no ſuch diſh as dis on dis tre-grand occaſion, me expect de ſoup-pullon, de ragout, de fricaſee, de tout la, de l'art culinaire." 'Monſieur,'

replied Mr Lamb, 'this is better than all the dainties that France can produce: 'Tis what every Engliſhman ſhould be proud of. This diſh has carried my countrymen twice through France already, and I don't doubt but it will a third time.' "Morblieu," cried the Frenchman, laughing, "but ve vill eat beef and puddang too, and den vat vill you do?" and ſo they fell on and eat heartily.

The Vicar of Bray, in Berkſhire, being a Papiſt under the reign of Henry VIII. and a Proteſtant under Edward VI. a Papiſt again under Queen Mary, and a Proteſtant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was reproached as the ſcandal of his gown, by turning from one religion to another; "I cannot help that," ſaid the Vicar, "but if I chang'd my religion, I am ſure I've kept true to my principle, which is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray."

Some time before his death, Dr South reſided at Caverſham, in Oxfordſhire, and having occaſion to come to London upon particular affairs, he took that opportunity to pay a morning viſit to his old friend Dr Waterland, who being overjoyed to ſee him, preſſed him to ſtay dinner, which he at length conſented to; but the Doctor's lady, who was a noted œconomiſt, was greatly troubled at it, and calling her huſband into the adjoining room, began to expoſtulate the matter ſharply with him; how he could be ſo provoking to aſk the gentleman to dine, when he knew ſhe was utterly unprovided. The good man endeavoured to pacify her, by ſaying, it was his fellow collegian, and he

could do no leſs than aſk him to dine; and therefore prayed her to compoſe her paſſion, and haſten to provide ſomething elegant, for that there was not a man in the world he reſpected more than the friend that was now come to ſee him.—This, inſtead of mending the matter, made it worſe; the lady ſaid ſhe had already got a leg of mutton, and if he would be ſo ſilly to invite his friends upon ſuch occaſions, they ſhould take what ſhe had to give them, for ſhe would be put out of her way for none of 'em.—The Doctor was now provoked beyond all patience, and proteſted that, if it were not for the ſtranger then in the houſe, he would beat her. Dr South, who had heard the whole dialogue, and was not a little diverted, inſtantly took up the diſcourſe, and ſaid, with his uſual humour, in a voice loud enough to be heard, "Dear Doctor, as we have been friends ſo long, I beſeech you not to make a ſtranger of me upon this occaſion."—The lady, aſhamed of the diſcovery, retired, and appeared no more that day, but ordered a handſome dinner to be ſent up, and left the two Doctors to enjoy themſelves peaceably, to their mutual ſatisfaction.

Mr Thomas Fuller, a man admired for his wit, but whoſe great fault was, that he would rather loſe his friend than his jeſt, having made ſome verſes upon a ſcolding wife, Dr Couſins, his patron and benefactor, hearing them repeated, deſired Mr Fuller to oblige him with a copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, though he wittily replied, "'Tis needleſs to give you the copy, for you have the original."—This gave the Doctor

ſuch offence, that he inſtantly withdrew his patronage, and ever after was his enemy.

Some years ago, at Mr James Greenfield's, in Maryland, was obſerved a moſt ſurpriſing ſympathy between a cat and a rat, which is thus accounted for: the cat had young ones, and frequently carried them mice and other animals, its prey, and among the reſt, a young rat; the kittens not being hungry, played with it, and when the cat came to give ſuck to the kittens, the rat likewiſe ſucked her. This was obſerved by ſome of the ſervants, and they informed their maſter of it; who had the kittens and rat brought down ſtairs, and put them together on the floor, and the cat was obſerved to carry away the young rat as tenderly as ſhe did either of her young ones. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the houſe, till numbers were eye-witneſſes of this preternatural ſympathy.

Soon after Dr Swift was made dean of St Patrick's, he was loitering one Sunday in the afternoon at the houſe of Dr Raymond, with whom he had dined at Trim (a little town near Dublin, of which the Doctor was vicar;) the bell had rung; the pariſhioners were aſſembled for evening prayers; and Dr Raymond was preparing to go to church, which was ſcarce 200 yards from his houſe. "Raymond," ſays the Dean, "I'll lay you a crown I will begin prayers before you this afternoon." 'I accept your wager,' replied Dr Raymond; and immediately they both ran as faſt as they could towards the church. Raymond, who was the nim-

bler man of the two, arrived firſt at the door, and when he entered the church, walked decently towards the reading-deſk; Swift never ſlackened his pace, but running up the iſle, left Dr Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and ſtepping into the reading-deſk, without putting on a ſurplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the liturgy with an audible voice, and continued to repeat the ſervice ſufficiently long to win his wager.

Dr Trapp, ſoon after the acceſſion of his late majeſty to the crown of England, had made himſelf obnoxious to the then miniſtry by his 30th of January, and other Tory ſermons, as they were called; upon which, Lord Sunderland informed the king that there was a certain clergyman preached very dangerous ſermons, and that the only way to put a ſtop to ſuch inſolence, was to impeach him in parliament. His majeſty enquired the character of the man: "O, Sir," ſaid my Lord, "the moſt violent, hot, poſitive fellow in England; ſo extremely wilful, that I believe he would be heartily glad to be a martyr." The king anſwered, 'Is he ſo? then I'm reſolv'd to diſappoint him;" and never would hear a word more of complaint.

In the reign of Edward IV. a citizen of London, who lived at the ſign of the crown, was convicted of high-treaſon, for ſaying in a jocular manner, 'He would make his ſon heir to the crown.'

Le Sac, a famous French dancing-maſter, in the reign of Queen Anne, in great admiration, aſked a friend, whether it were true that Mr Harley,

afterwards earl of Oxford, was made an earl and lord treaſurer? and finding it confirmed, ſaid, "Well, I wonder what the devil the Queen could ſee in him; for I attended him two years, and he was the greateſt dunce I ever taught."

As ſome Chriſtian captives at Algiers, who had been ranſomed, were going to be diſcharged, the cruizers brought in a Swediſh veſſel. Among the crew was the father of one of thoſe captives. The ſon ſoon made himſelf known to the father, but their unhappineſs to meet in that place was grievous to both. The young man, however, conſidering that the ſlavery his father was going into would inevitably put an end to his life, requeſted, 'that his father might be releaſed, and himſelf detained in his room;' which the Moors readily granted; but when the ſtory was told to the governor, he was ſo affected with it, that he cauſed the ſon likewiſe to be diſcharged, 'as the reward of his filial tenderneſs.'

Dr ——, fellow of St John's College, Oxford, was remarkable for two things, a great ſtock of wit, and a great ſtomach; one day after dinner and half an hour's facetiouſneſs and gluttony, juſt as the courſe was going to be removed, he began to look with unuſual melancholy; every one about him wondered at the Doctor's gloomineſs, and at laſt the preſident of the college aſked him the reaſon. "Sir," anſwered he, "I am extremely out of order." Dear Doctor, anſwered the preſident, you look well and roſy, your colour is freſh, and you ſeem not to have loſt your ſto-

mach. "Mr Preſident," replied our reverend trencherman, "however well my looks may be, my caſe is deſperate. I am not long a man of this world; the proof is too plain; for when I had my health, I never dined in this hall but before the laſt courſe was removed, my circingle fairly touched the margin of the table; you ſee, notwithſtanding my beſt endeavours at the veniſon-paſty, I am now diſtant full three inches; it is no toucher; I fall ſtrangely away, and I'm a gone man!" Is that all the matter, cry'd the preſident; courage, Doctor, though you have not reached at a toucher; for you muſt know, we have had the table moved ſix inches farther from the bench you ſit upon, and therefore, inſtead of loſing three inches, you have gained three. "Oho! is that the buſineſs? it is well enough then," anſwered the Doctor, with a ſmile upon his countenance; and immediately reſumed his gaiety, drank his two bottles, and rolled home to his chamber with great chearfulneſs.

Mr Chriſtopher Stephens, a tobacconiſt at Reading, who had acquired a large fortune by his own induſtry, but had no children of his own to inherit it, ſent for a nephew out of America, to ſucceed him both in his buſineſs, which was very conſiderable, and in part of his eſtate; but the youth turning out wild, the diſſenting miniſter of the place, who had a great aſcendancy over the old gentleman, took occaſion one day to diſcourſe him concerning the diſpoſal of his worldly concerns, telling him at the ſame time, that as he could be no ſtranger to his nephew's character, it would be

more prudent to bequeath his fortune to charitable uſes, than to beſtow it on one who would ſquander it away in pleaſure and debauchery. Mr Stephens heard him with great compoſure; and as he ſpoke through his noſe, ſaid, "Why, Sir, what you ſay may be very good pulpit-doctrine; but 'tis a maxim with me, that charity begins at home, and my nephew can never have more pleaſure in ſpending my money than I have had in getting of it; and therefore I'll never leave him a ſhilling the leſs for being wild; for the wilder he is, he'll have the more need of money." The miniſter, who did not expect ſuch a return, changed the ſubject; but the old gentleman never reliſhed him afterwards.

It is an acknowledged fact, that Mr E—e, in the courſe of one of his extempore prayers, in the Tron-church at Edinburgh, ſaid, "Lord have mercy on all fools and idiots; and particularly the magiſtrates of Edinburgh."

Dr South, when he lived at Caverſham in Oxfordſhire, was called out of bed one cold winter's morning by his clerk, to marry a couple, who were then waiting for him. The Doctor hurried up, and went ſhivering to church, where, when he came, ſeeing nobody there but an old man of 70, a woman about the ſame age, and his clerk, he aſked, in a pet, where the bridegroom and bride were, and what that man and that woman did there? The old man replied, 'they came there to be married.' The Doctor looking ſternly at him, 'Marry'd!'—"Yes, married," ſaid the old man haſtily; "better marry than do worſe."—

'Go, get you gone, you ſilly old fools,' ſaid the Doctor, 'get home and do your worſt;' and accordingly hobbled out of church in a great paſſion, raving at his clerk for calling him out of bed on ſuch a ſleeveleſs errand.

The famous Mogul emperor, Aurengzeb, having occaſion for money, publiſhed an edict, requiring all the Faquiers in his kingdom to aſſemble on a certain day on a large plain, where he might have the pleaſure of dining with them. He ordered a vaſt number of new caſſocks to be ready againſt the time, and after dinner, preſenting one to every Faquier, ordered him to pull off his old one, and throw them in a heap, and cauſed them all to be burnt. This produced a vaſt ſum. He was no ſtranger to the tricks of thoſe pretended monks; he knew them to be great collectors of alms, which for ſafety they quilted in the folds of their caſſocks; and this was the motive of his generoſity to the poor Faquiers.——The Faquiers are a ſort of begging prieſts in that country, who affect great poverty, but who concealed vaſt riches in their rags.

The metempſichoſis, or tranſmigration of ſouls, was not the doctrine of Pythagoras alone; the Bramins of Malabar teach it to this day; of which an Engliſh captain narrowly eſcaped feeling the effects; for, trading along the coaſt, and going one day aſhore, he unluckily ſhot a bird called Perumel, which carries one of their gods of the firſt rank. A Malabarian ſaw it, and accuſed him; whereupon the people in the neighbouring villages

immediately assembled, seized the sacrilegious person, and he was going to be sacrificed, when a Jew, to save the captain's life, and get himself a fee, advised him to own the crime, and make the following defence: "My father, who has been dead some time, was thrown into the sea, and was become a carp, the Perumel was going to devour him before my eyes; and could I suffer it?" His judges were struck with the justness of his plea, and acquitted him.

At the battle of Edgehill, Mr Fanshaw, who was secretary to King Charles, was taken prisoner and committed to the Tower, where he lay during the whole time of the civil wars, and till Oliver was declared Protector, without any solicitations in his favour; but at length, when all things began to be quiet, the governor of the Tower happened among other things to speak of Mr Fanshaw, and to make mention of him as a person of great honour, and well deserving his highness's clemency; and withal to move his compassion the more, declared that he was eat up with the scurvy, and must die, if not speedily released; whereupon Oliver immediately gave orders for his enlargement; but Bradshaw, who was then present, advised that he should first take the Solemn League and Covenant. Oliver turning to him sternly, "D'ye think," said he, "the solemn league and covenant will cure the man of his scurvy?"

Lord V——, who is a nobleman abounding with good-nature, had the misfortune (if it may be counted a misfortune) to be married to one of

the fineſt ladies in Europe, but being of too ſprightly a turn of mind to bear the reſtraints of matrimony, ſhe had more than once made what is called the Grand Tour without the knowledge, at leaſt the conſent of her huſband. As often, however, as ſhe returned to her duty, ſo often was ſhe kindly received by her indulgent lord; and, ſome time after one of theſe excurſions, being aſleep in her cloſet, with the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle before her, her lord happened to ſtep in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the Practice of Piety, and ſo left her. When ſhe waked, ſhe preſently perceived the trick; and his lordſhip entering while the book was yet in her hand, took occaſion to compliment her on her ladyſhip's reformation.—"Nay, nay," anſwered my lady, "let our reformation go hand in hand, I beſeech you; when you, my Lord, practiſe the whole duty of man, then I'll read the Practice of Piety."

One aſked his friend, why he, who was ſo proper a man himſelf, had choſe ſo ſmall a woman for his wife? "My good friend," ſaid he, "I thought you had known, that of two evils we ſhould chuſe the leaſt."

Dr Becket having been out a ſhooting one whole morning without killing any thing, his ſervant begged leave to go over to the next field, for he was ſure there were ſome birds there, and, adds the man, "If there are, I'll *doctor* them;" Doctor them, ſays the maſter, what do you mean by that? "Why *kill* them, Sir."

A Welch parſon having once made a great preachment about miracles, obſerved, that the prophet Jonah was three days and three nights in the *belly of a quail;* he never took the leaſt notice of his blunder, till he came down from his pulpit, and was whiſpered in the ear by his clerk, who, with becoming modeſty and ſubmiſſion, told the learned preacher that he miſtook a *quail* for a *whale.* "Tut, you fool," replied the ſhrewd parſon, "*the miracle is the greater.*"

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to ſee how they went forward, he ordered one of them into the *roſtrum,* to make a ſpeech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard: The fellow mounting, and ſcratching his pate, told him he knew not what to ſay, for in troth he was no orator. Oh! ſaid the knight, no matter for that, ſpeak any thing that comes uppermoſt. "Why here, Sir Richard," ſays the fellow, "We have been working for you theſe ſix weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray Sir, when do you deſign to pay us?" Very well, very well, ſaid Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you ſpeak very diſtinctly, though I don't admire your ſubject.

Tom Warner, the late publiſher of news papers and pamphlets, being very near his end, a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood ſending her maid to enquire how he did, he bid the girl tell her miſ-

treſs, That he hop'd he was going to the New Jeruſalem. "Ay, dear Sir," ſaid ſhe, "I dare ſay the air of Iſlington would do you more good."

A regiment of horſe in King William's time being quartered at Canterbury, and Archbiſhop Tillotſon being then at his palace in that city, invited all the officers of the regiment to dinner, giving them a day's notice before-hand. One of the cornets, an unlucky youth, whoſe turn it was to be upon duty, and who for that reaſon could not have the honour to attend the Archbiſhop, thought of a ſtratagem to get himſelf off. A brother officer, when the invitation came, happened to be on a party of pleaſure, and heard nothing of it; and therefore he took care to be the firſt to inform him; adding, that all were to be catechiſed that went, and thoſe that were perfect were to dine with the Biſhop, but if any were not, the puniſhment was, to dine with the ſervants.—"Then, by G—d," ſaid the captain, "I'll march out of town directly."—"No," replied the other, "if you'll mount guard for me, I'll go in your room, for I am perfect enough." That he would do, he ſwore; accordingly the youth went to dinner along with his brethren. His Grace, who was one of the politeſt churchmen of his time, and knowing very well the cuſtom of the army, enquired of the colonel, who the gentlemen were that were upon duty, intending to ſend them a ſeparate invitation the next day. The colonel ſaid, "that Captain Forbes, a Scots gentleman, was the only abſent officer, who that day mounted guard by his own choice;" and then took occaſion to relate

the ſtory; with which the archbiſhop was highly diverted. His Grace made no uſe of the hint however, but ſent, as he had deſigned, a ſervant to the abſent gentleman, deſiring his company by himſelf. The captain hurried to his friend, to know how he had come off, and whether he had beſt to go or not; telling him that now the archbiſhop had ſent a particular meſſage to him, and he could not with good manners excuſe himſelf. The cornet, by all means adviſed him to go, "For," ſaid he, "we were only aſked a queſtion or two, and all was over." The captain, thus confirmed in his reſolution, went accordingly; and being introduced to his Grace, paid his civilities with ſome confuſion, expecting every moment to be examined, and longing to have his taſk over. "Sir," ſaid the archbiſhop, "I am ſorry I could not have the pleaſure of your company yeſterday." The captain excuſed himſelf very politely, by repreſenting the neceſſity of diſcharging the duties of his poſt. "May I crave your name," ſaid his Grace. "Thomas," replied the captain, in a cold ſweat. "What countryman?" ſaid his Grace. "My godfathers and godmothers," anſwered Forbes. "I do not mean to catechiſe you," ſaid the archbiſhop with a ſmile; "gentlemen of the army are apt to be witty with each other, but churchmen muſt not indulge it." The captain was glad to find it a jeſt, and ſat down with his Grace and laughed heartily.

The late King of Pruſſia, father to the preſent, was remarkable for a total neglect of dreſs, ſo that he was frequently miſtaken, as he travelled through

his dominions, for an ordinary perſon; which he often did, as well to obſerve the temper of his ſubjects, as to make himſelf acquainted with their grievances. He wore generally a blue coat, little hat, and white worſted-ſtockings; and ſeldom travelled in any other dreſs. It happened one day, as he paſſed through Brandenburgh, upon one of his uſual excurſions, that he caſt his eyes upon a young woman of a gigantic ſtature, being near ſeven foot high, at a village forty miles diſtant from Berlin. Such a ſight as this never eſcaped his majeſty unnoticed. He alighted from his horſe, and cauſed her to be brought before him. He examined her as to her age and condition of life; and finding ſhe was a poor ſhoemaker's daughter of nineteen, ſingle, and unengaged; he immediately ſat down and wrote a letter to the colonel of the royal regiment of grenadier-guards, at Berlin, commanding him to cauſe the bearer to be inſtantly married to the talleſt man in his corps, and to be ſure to ſee the ceremony performed. This letter he delivered to the young woman, without acquainting her with the contents; but making her a handſome preſent, enjoined her, on pain of the king's diſpleaſure, to carry it as directed, and to deliver it into the general's own hand; this done, he proceeded on his journey. The girl having never been at Berlin, and not ſuſpecting the perſon in the blue coat, who had given her the letter, to be the king, bargained with an old woman in the neighbourhood to carry the letter, at the ſame time charging her with the very ſame injunction to deliver it as ſhe herſelf had juſt received from the gentleman in blue. The woman was true to

her truſt, and delivered the letter; but the general, on reading the contents, and viewing the perſon that brought it, was ſurpriſed. However, his majeſty's orders were peremptory, and muſt be obeyed: the parties met and were married; and the affair remained a myſtery till his majeſty's return to his capital; when, the firſt perſons he wanted to ſee were his handſome new-married couple.—He was aſtoniſhed at the ſight of the bride, and in a violent rage demanded how ſhe came to practiſe ſuch an abominable deceit? The old woman told him the truth; and, lifting up her eyes to heaven, "acknowledged the goodneſs of Providence in bringing ſuch a wonderful work of charity ſo unexpectedly about."

A lady of the weſt country, gave a great entertainment to moſt of the polite gentlemen thereabouts; and among the reſt, Sir Walter Raleigh was one. The lady, though otherwiſe a ſtately dame, was a notable houſewife; and in the morning early ſhe called to one of the maids, and aſked her if the pigs were ſerved? Sir Walter's chambers joined to hers, ſo that he heard her. A little before dinner, the lady came down in great ſtate, into a room full of gentlemen; as ſoon as Sir Walter ſet eyes upon her; "Madam," ſaid he, "are the pigs ſerv'd?" The lady anſwered, "You know beſt whether you have breakfaſted."

One ſtealing a cup out of a tavern, was laid hold on; a gentleman ſent his man to know what was the matter; he came and told him, "Only a fellow had taken a cup too much:" "Piſh," ſays

he, "is that all, that's my fault, as well as many an honeſt man's beſide."

An extravagant young fellow being reproved by one of his friends for miſmanaging his eſtate, ſaid, "I am ſorry to ſee you have all the properties of a prodigal." "Nay," ſays the other, "prithee, don't ſay ſo, for I never yet fed with ſwine." "True," ſays his friend, "but the reaſon was, becauſe nobody would truſt you with their ſwine."

A phyſician, at Bath, lately told Mr Foote, that he had a mind to publiſh his poems; but, ſaid he, I have ſo many irons in the fire, I do not know what to do. "Then take my advice," ſaid Foote, "and put your poems into the fire with the reſt of your irons."

The great Biſhop Stillingfleet, though one of the ableſt divines that ever lived, yet was not without vanity, as will appear from the following ſtory: A city divine, of good deſert and preferment, but wanting ſtill more preferment, applied himſelf to the Biſhop for his recommendation, which was then of the higheſt value at court. Mr Bentley (afterwards the famous Dr Bentley) was at that time chaplain to the Biſhop; and was within hearing when among other things the city divine, in order to gain his ſuit, ſaid, "That his Lordſhip's character was ſo extraordinary, that if it were thought proper to have an univerſal biſhop over the whole church, no man was ſo fit for it as his Lordſhip." Bentley was provoked at this extra-

vagant flattery, but the old man was pleaſed with it, granted the recommendation deſired, and otherwiſe befriended the flatterer. From whence Bentley drew this maxim; 'Flatter but enough, and you'll conquer every body;' a maxim, of which he afterwards made good uſe.

There is a ſtory of a learned friar in Italy, famous for his piety and knowledge of mankind, who being commanded to preach before the pope at a year of jubilee, repaired to Rome a good while before the day appointed, to ſee the faſhion of the conclave, and to accommodate his ſermon the better to the ſolemnity of the occaſion. At length, when the day came, having ended his prayer, he, looking a long time about, at laſt cried out with a loud and vehement voice, three times, "St Peter was a fool; St Peter was a fool; St Peter was a fool;" and then came down from the pulpit. Being afterwards queſtioned before the pope concerning the unſuitableneſs of his behaviour, he made this reply: "Surely, holy father, if a cardinal may go to heaven abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment, and living at eaſe, and wallowing in ſloth and in luxury, ſeldom or never preaching; then certainly St Peter was a fool, who took ſuch a hard way of travelling thither by faſting, preaching, abſtinence, and humiliation."

The late Lord Stanhope, when he was made firſt commiſſioner of the treaſury and chancellor of the exchequer, was queſtioned between jeſt and earneſt by Mr Walpole, who, ſome years after that

nobleman's death, ſucceeded to the ſame high offices, concerning the management of public money. His Lordſhip, inſtead of juſtifying himſelf, made this reply; "You'll one day know, young man, that whenever you ſet your foot within the threſhold of a court, you muſt be as great a rogue as ever was hang'd at Tyburn." And ſome people were of opinion the earl was a true prophet.

In an advertiſement which has repeatedly appeared within theſe few weeks, in an Iriſh newspaper, publiſhed at Belfaſt, there is a liſt of houſes for ſale, with the ſeveral terms for which they are held, and amongſt, them ſome are held by leaſe "for ever, with a clauſe of renewal."

The famous Biſhop Rundle, in his younger days, before he was made Dean of Durham, was publicly aceuſed of ſcepticiſm, and the then Biſhop of London, Gibſon, was ſo well convinced of the truth of the charge, that he oppoſed his preferment in the church with all his weight. The reaſon of this ſuſpicion aroſe from the company he kept, ſuch as Cannon, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Chub, Ven, and other free thinkers, of whom there aroſe a formidable body at that time, which in point of learning have never been equalled by their ſucceſſors ſince. What the Biſhop endeavoured to prove was, ſome words ſpoken negatively by Rundle, concerning Abraham's offering up Iſaac; which he repreſented as a tacit denial of the authority of the Bible. The matter was debated in council, when Lord Harrington, who oppoſed the Biſhop, told him frankly, that he could

ſee no ſuch mighty matter in it, if Rundle did ſay the words charged upon him; "for," added his Lordſhip, "if I had been a juſtice of peace in the days of Abraham, and had ſeen him about to offer up his ſon for a ſacrifice, I ſhould certainly have laid him by the heels."

Counſellor C——d having an action brought againſt him for the payment of a coach (bought by him on account of his marriage) before Lord Mansfield, cautiouſly avoided appearing at the trial.—Where is Mr C——d? ſays his Lordſhip.—He is very ill at home,—replied a byſtander, properly inſtructed. The wary counſellor being retained on a cauſe in the evening, got pretty well, and attended for his client. "Your ſervant, Mr C——d," cries the Chief Juſtice, immediately fixing his eyes on him, with an admirable mixture of humour and reproach, "I hope you are better than you was in the morning?" "Yes; I thank your Lordſhip," anſwered the counſellor, with an incomparable inflexibility of countenance, "I have juſt been taking an airing in my coach." The court laughed, and my Lord was laid as dormant as a brief without a fee.

One evening, a gentleman, very much in liquor, was leaning againſt a poſt in Cheapſide; a fellow coming by at the ſame time, ſeeing he was in ſuch a ſituation that he could not purſue him, ſnatched his hat off his head, and ran away with it: another of the ſame fraternity, at a little diſtance, ſaw what had happened, and told the gentleman a man had ſtole his hat, and run away with it,

and aſked why he did not run after him? "I am ſo damn'd drunk," ſays he, "that I can hardly ſtand, and therefore I cannot run after him."—"If that be the caſe," ſaid the other, "I may ſafely venture to ſteal your wig;" which he immediately took froom the gentleman's head, got clear off, and left the old toper bare-headed, hugging the poſt, and lamenting the loſs of his hat and wig.

The churchwardens of St Sepulchres cauſed a board to be affixed to the church with theſe words: "Take notice, that whoever ſhall preſume to throw any dirt or rubbiſh in this churchyard ſhall be proſecuted." Notwithſtanding this caution, a poor man was ſoon after detected conveying a baſket of dirt on the premiſes, and was taken into cuſtody.—"Don't you ſee," ſaid the churchwarden, "the notice that is ſtuck up againſt the wall?"—The culprit made this reply;—"You ſee, Sir, that your notice is ſtuck up at leaſt ſeven feet high, therefore I hope you will excuſe me, becauſe," ſays he, pointing to the board, "I am below your notice." This arch reply put the churchwarden into a good humour, and the offender was forgiven.

A parſon, in the country, taking his text in St Matthew, chap. viii. ver. 11. "And Peter's wife's mother lay ſick of a fever," preached for three Sundays together on the ſame ſubject: Soon after two country fellows going croſs the churchyard, and hearing the bell toll, one aſked the other, who it was for? "Nay, I can't tell; per-

haps," replied he, "it is for Peter's wife's mother, for ſhe has been ſick of a fever theſe three weeks."

It being told Antigonus, in order to intimidate him, as he marched to the field of battle, that the enemy would ſhoot ſuch vollies of arrows as would intercept the light of the ſun. "I am glad of it," replied he, "for it being very hot, we ſhall then fight in the ſhade."

Two gentlemen diſputing about religion in Button's coffee-houſe, ſaid one of them, I wonder, Sir, you ſhould talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't ſay the Lord's Prayer; Done, ſaid the other, and Sir Richard Steele here ſhall hold ſtakes. The money being depoſited, the gentleman began with, "I believe in God," and ſo went cleverly through the Creed: "Well," ſaid the other, "I own I have loſt; I did not think he could have done it."

A Scotch parſon, in the rump time, in his babbling prayer, ſaid, "Laird bleſs the grand council, the parliament, and grant they may all hang together." A country fellow ſtanding by ſaid, 'Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the ſooner the better; and I am ſure it is the prayer of all good people.' "But friends," ſaid Sawney, "I don't mean as that fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord." 'No matter what cord,' replied the other 'ſo 'tis but a ſtrong cord.'

King Charles the ſecond coming from Newmarket through Shoreditch to London, obſerving a wall or bank, lately made there of *horns*, as is common in that road, bid Rocheſter, who was in the coach with him, take notice of it. "Aye, Sir," ſaid he, "the citizens ſeem to have been *laying their heads together*, to mend the way againſt your Majeſty came by."

On a benefit night at the playhouſe, many particular friends of the actor were let in at a private door, before the great doors were open, which when diſcovered, a red-hot Hibernian cried out from the pit, "'Twas a ſhame they ſhould fill the houſe with people before any body came."

A Weſtminſter juſtice taking coach in the city, and being ſet down at Young Man's Coffee-houſe, Charing-croſs, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The juſtice aſked him, if he would ſwear that the ground came to the money; he ſaid he would take his oath on't. The juſtice replied, "Friend, I'm a magiſtrate;" and pulling the book out of his pocket, adminiſtered the oath, and then gave the fellow his ſix-pence, ſaying, "He muſt reſerve the ſhilling to himſelf for the affidavit."

A country fellow in Charles the ſecond's time, ſelling his load of hay in the Haymarket, two gentlemen, who came out of the Blue-Poſts, were talking of affairs; one ſaid, that things did not go right, the king had been at the houſe, and *prorogued* the parliament. The countryman coming home, was aſked, What news in London? "Odd's

heart," ſaid he, "there's ſomething to do there; the king has, it ſeems, *berogued* the parliament ſadly."

If you marry, ſaid a father to his daughter, you will do *well*; if you do not marry, you will do *better*. "If that's the caſe, replied, the daughter, get me a huſband as ſoon as you can; I ſhall be content to do *well*; I leave it to others to do *better*."

Two Iriſhmen fighting together, one of them knocked the other down, and ſeeing him lie motionleſs, thought he had killed him; but taking him by the hand, cries, "O, my dear Paddy, now be after ſpeaking to me; and if I have killed you, tell me honey." To which the other anſwered, "No, my dear Mac, I an't dead at all; but be my ſhoul I am ſpeechleſs."

A worthy old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do ſome law buſineſs for him in London, he was greatly ſurprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at leaſt three times the ſum he expected; the *honeſt* attorney aſſured him, that there was no article in the bill, but what was *fair and reaſonable*. "Nay," ſaid the country gentleman, there's one of them I am ſure cannot be ſo, for you have ſet down three ſhillings and fourpence for going to Southwark, when none of my buſineſs lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir? "Oh, Sir," ſaid he, "that was

for fetching the *chine* and *turkey* from the carrier's that you ſent me for a *preſent* out of the country."

A parſon thinking to banter an honeſt Quaker, aſked him, where his religion was before George Fox's time? Where thine was, ſays the Quaker, before Harry Tudor's time. Now, thou haſt been free with me, added the Quaker, prithee let me aſk thee a queſtion: Where was Jacob going when he was turn'd of ten years of age? Can'ſt thou tell that? No, ſaid the parſon, nor you neither, I believe. "Yes, I can," replied the Quaker, "he was going in his eleventh year; was he not?"

The Roman Catholicks make a ſacrament of matrimony, and, in conſequence of that notion, pretend that it confers grace: The Proteſtant divines do not carry their matters ſo high; but ſay, "This ought to be underſtood in a qualify'd ſenſe; and that marriage ſo far confers grace, as that, generally ſpeaking, 'it brings repentance, which every body knows is one ſtep towards grace."

A ſoldier ſtood upon the ſtage at the play of Don Carlos, Prince of Spain, which affected him ſo much, that he burſt into a violent paſſion of tears; and the Duke of York, (afterwards King James the ſecond), who happened to be at the theatre, was ſo pleaſed with the fellow's ſenſibility, that he ſent him five guineas. The next night the Duke was at the play again, which was the comedy of Rule a Wife and have a Wife; when the centinel upon the ſtage, who had heard how liberally his comrade's weeping had been reward-

ed, began to blubber and cry in a moſt lamentable manner: and he met with his reward alſo; for the Duke ordered him to be whipp'd for miſbehaviour on duty.

The new ninety-gun ſhip, the Atlas, that was lately launched at Chatham, had at her head the figure of Atlas ſupporting the globe. By an error of the builder, the globe was placed ſo high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowſprit could be fitted in. This part happened to be no other than all North-America; and what was more remarkable, the perſon who was ordered to take the hatchet and ſlice it off, was an American.

A ſailor falling out of the main-top of a man of war, by great good luck fell plump on his breech unhurt; and looking about him, ſeemingly as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, cry'd, "D—n my eyes, what a move that was!"

Dean Swift beſpoke a pair of ſhoes of a very eminent ſhoemaker in Dublin, but the time he promiſed to bring them home in being elapſed, he ſent for him; "So Doddridge," ſays he "where are my ſhoes?" "I beg your pardon, Mr Dean," anſwered Criſpin, "but upon my word I forgot them." "Very well," ſays the Dean, "come and take a walk with me in the garden;" where they were no ſooner come, than, making as if he had forgot ſomething in the houſe, the Dean returned, and locked the door after him: Poor Doddridge waited and waited, but no Dean ap-

peared, till the bell rung for Patricks prayers in the evening: When beginning to expoſtulate with him on ſuch cruel treatment, "I beg your pardon Mr Doddridge," ſays he, "but upon my word I forgot you."

An apothecary accidentally going into one of the city churches, was ſurprized to find a divine, a dropſical patient of his in the pulpit, and the more ſo, when he heard him preach with great energy againſt the ſin of drunkenneſs. "How, Sir," ſays the apothecary to the divine, on leaving the church, "can you contrive to make ſo good a ſermon, and deſcribe the train of evils accompanying this vice, and yet continue in a path ſo very dangerous?" "I'll anſwer you that by another queſtion," quoth the parſon: "Why do you direct ſo many medicines for your patients, and if you are ever ſo ill, take none of them yourſelf?"

Anecdote of the late Sir Walter Blacket.

The unbounded generoſity of this worthy man was remarkable on all occaſions; of which the following is but a ſlight inſtance:—He was remarkably fond of ſhooting; and, in an excurſion of this kind, being alone, on a moor adjoining to Weardale, he happened to arrive at the cottage of a poor ſhepherd; who (though unknown to him) was his tenant. To a viſitor of his appearance, the poor cottager brought the beſt his frugal board afforded. During his ſtay, Sir Walter took occaſion to enquire to whom his houſe belonged? "To one of the beſt men in the world," replies

the man, "to Sir Walter Blacket, Sir,—no doubt you have heard of him; but theſe knaviſh ſtewards for three years paſt have advanced my rent to almoſt double the value of the little tenement I occupy;—I wiſh I could have the honour to ſee my worthy landlord, for I am told any perſon may ſpeak to him; I would acquaint him with my ill-uſage." Sir Walter ſmiled, but did not diſcover himſelf: On departing, he preſented the cottager's wife with a ſum of money; and, ſoon after, ordered his houſe to be rebuilt; and a conſiderable abatement in his rent.

The bench of juſtices having denied licences to every publican who had John Wilkes, Eſq; for his ſign; a ſpirited perſon, who was a ſufferer on this account, ſaid in his own vindication, on the above occaſion, "That he was no friend either to John Wilkes or his cauſe, and therefore had him *hung up in effigy*, to ſhew his real principles; but if he had undeſignedly given them any affront, he was ready to pull down John Wilkes, and hang up the whole bench of juſtices in his ſtead."

A man being aſked, what the church of Rome was like? "Truly," anſwered he, "I think her as like my wife as any thing." Why ſo, ſays the other? "Why," ſays he, "ſhe commands when ſhe pleaſes, without regard to either God or man; and then curſes all the family to hell, if they give not preſent obedience."

One being ſick, was counſelled to think of heaven: "Why, whither," ſays he, "do you think

my wife's gone?"—They told him to heaven:—"Nay, then," ſays he, "I care not where I go, ſo I come not where ſhe is."

When Lord Cheſterfield was on his death-bed, his phyſicians informed him, that he would die by inches: "Well," ſays his Lordſhip, "that is no great mortification, when I reflect, that I am not ſo tall as Sir Thomas Robinſon."

Mr Daniel G——n, a man celebrated for his humour, being once at Briſtol, invited no leſs than ſix Quakers (all of whom he had dealings with) to ſup with him at an inn. Preſently after ſupper, ſome of the friends who had heard of the fame of Mr G——, were anxious to have a ſong from him; but it being inconſiſtent with their plan of purity, to requeſt ſo profane a favour, they went an indirect way to work,—"Friend Daniel," ſaid one, "doſt not thee ſometimes amuſe thyſelf with ſinging a ſong?" I do, ſays Daniel. "Then if thou art inclined," reſumed old broad-brim, to amuſe thyſelf after that manner now, we ſhall not oppoſe thee."—After repeated hints of this kind, which in fact amounted to a direct invitation, Daniel began to amuſe himſelf with ſinging, at which the friends appeared to be as agreeably amuſed as he was. It is neceſſary to obſerve that this happened on a Saturday night, and the clock ſtruck twelve juſt as Dan had ſung about three verſes of that very modeſt ſong, called, 'Haſt thou not ſeen a book called Triſtram Shandy, Ma'am?' Daniel pauſed, and being a very righteous man, expreſſed ſome ſcruples of conſcience, ſaying, "he

did not chuſe to proceed as it was then Sunday morning.—"Thou may'ſt finiſh thy ſong, friend Daniel," replied one of the broad-brims, "for I can aſſure thee the clock goes five minutes over faſt."

June, 1779. Lord North and Sir Grey Cooper taking a walk in Hyde Park one evening, when they came to the canal, Lord North took out his pocket glaſs, and viewed the water with ſeemingly very great attention for a conſiderable time; two ſailors who happened to paſs by at the inſtant, the one ſaid to the other, "D—n my eyes, Jack, if he finds them there." "Finds what?" replied his comrade. "Why, d—n your eyes, the Spaniſh fleet; don't you ſee he is looking for 'em." Sir Grey immediately reliſhed the joke, turned upon his heel, and laughed very heartily; and his Lordſhip was not wholly inſenſible, for he put up his perſpective, and marched off with that kind of ſneering ſmile upon his countenance, for which Lord North is ſo remarkably conſpicuous.

A man who had a ſick wife, going home one evening, aſked how ſhe did. The maid ſaid ſhe was dead: "Well," ſaid he, "I am going to club; ſend for me if I ſhould be wanted." In two hours he returned, and was going to bed as uſual, when the maid ſaid, "Lord Sir! you won't lie there! I have made a bed for you in the other chamber."—"Yes, but I will, Betty—I never had a peaceable day with her, and I will have one quiet night before we part."

In the ſpring of 1779, two farmers meeting, began to diſcourſe about the forwardneſs of the ſeaſon, when one of them obſerved, that the fine rains would make every thing peep out of the earth.—"God forbid," ſaid the other, "for I buried my wife only a week ago."

A gentleman, juſt married, telling Mr Foote he had that morning laid out three thouſand pounds in jewels for his dear wife. "Faith, Sir," ſays the wit, "I ſee you are no hypocrite, for ſhe is truly your dear wife."

A Quaker, driving a ſingle horſe chaiſe up a green lane that leads from Newington-green to Hornſey, happened to meet with a young blood, who was alſo in a ſingle horſe chaiſe. There was not room enough for them to paſs each other, unleſs one of them would back his carriage, which they both refuſed. "I'll not make way for you," ſays the blood, "damn me if I will." "I think I am older than thou art," ſaid the Quaker, "and therefore I have a right to expect thee to make way for me." "I won't, damn me," reſumed the firſt. He then pulled out a news-paper and began to read, as he ſat ſtill in his chaiſe; the Quaker obſerving him, pulled a pipe and ſome tobacco from his pocket, and with a conveniency which he carried about him, ſtruck a light, illuminated his pipe, and ſat and funked away very comfortably.—"Friend," ſaid he to the young blood, "when thou haſt read that paper through, I ſhall be glad if thou wouldſt lend it me." My young gentleman, ſeeing the obſtinacy of the Qua-

ker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him; but not till after he had favoured him with a few oaths, curſes, and imprecations.

During the laſt war, our miniſter at the court of Berlin having received advice of the reduction of Canada by the Britiſh troops, waited upon his Pruſſian majeſty, to communicate the agreeable news, and told him, that our forces, by the aſſiſtance of Providence, had obtained ſuch a victory. "What," ſaid his majeſty, "is Providence one of your allies too?" "Yes," replied the miniſter, "and the only one to whom we do not pay a ſubſidy."

A Middleſex juſtice, entering an auction room, heard the auctioneer haranguing away upon the excellency of a fine new edition of the works of Pope. "Was the author you ſo recommend pope of Rome?" cried his worſhip. "No, Sir, replied the auctioneer, "he was not pope of Rome, but he was A. Pope of the religion of Rome."

A lady in Newcaſtle had a favourite maid ſervant, named Grace; who being ſomewhat indiſpoſed, the family phyſician was ſent for.—Upon viſiting the patient, the doctor ſoon diſcovered the cauſe of her illneſs; and frankly told her miſtreſs, that Grace was big with child. "My Grace big with child, doctor?—you certainly mean to affront me—My favourite Grace!" continued the lady, "my virtuous, religious, church-going Grace, unlawfully with child! impoſſible." "By G—d, Madam," replies the doctor, "I will ſtake Na-

ture againſt your Grace for a pound," and ſo withdrew. In a few weeks after, Nature proved to be triumphant over Grace with a witneſs.

There being a general muſter of the life-guards in Hyde Park, and Ogle having loſt his cloak at play, was obliged to borrow his landlady's ſcarlet petticoat; ſo tying it up in a bundle, put it behind him, then mounted ſafe enough, as he thought, and away he went; but one of the rank perceiving the border, immediately gave the Duke the item, and fell back into the rank again. The Duke ſmiling to himſelf, ſaid, "Gentlemen, cloak all;" which they all did, except Ogle, who, ſtammering and ſtaring, ſaid, "Cloak all! what a pox muſt we cloak for? it don't rain." But he not cloaking, the Duke ſaid, "Mr Ogle, why don't you obey the word of command!" "Cloak, Sir," ſaid Ogle, "why, there then;" and peeping his head out of the top of the petticoat, "tho' I can't cloak, I can petticoat with the beſt of you."

A poor Welſhman came out of Wales with ſome drovers to aſſiſt in driving cattle to market, and when he arrived at London, the perſon who had hired him, ſent him to get change for a guinea, that he might pay him what was due to him. The Welſhman went directly into a chandler's ſhop, upon the counter of which ſat a large monkey, to whom the ſon of Cadwallader addreſſed himſelf as follows: "A'nt pleaſe your orſhip, can you, I pray you now, pe ſo kind as to change a poor Welſhman a kinney?" On which the monkey be-

gan to grin and ſhake his head at him, which poor Taffy miſtaking for a ſign to give him the money, immediately laid it down on the counter, and the monkey ſnatching it up, put it into the till. The Welſhman waited with tolerable patience ſome time for his change; but finding the monkey did not give it him, he began as follows: "Got pleſs you, my goot maſter, either be ſo goot as giff me my change, or elſe giff me my kinney again: It is not like a ſhentleman, look you, to ſheat a poor ſtranger of hur money." But ſtill getting no anſwer, he exclaims in a great paſſion; "By Got, you are a fillain, and a tam'd old rogue! and if you don't giff me my money again, look you, I will have a orant for you, and carry you afore a ſhuſtice of peace, and a conſtable, for a tam'd old dog and a ſheat." While the Welſhman was thus rating the monkey, in comes the maſter of the ſhop, and demands what was the matter? "By St Taſit, and pleaſe your orſhip," replies the Welſhman, "here is this dumb old roke, your father, has cot my kinney to change, and will giff neither my change or my kinney again, look you." "Who is it, friend," quoth the man, "that has got your money?" "Why, this old ſhentleman your father; I beliefe he is your father, for he is very much like you, inteed." "Damn your blood," quoth the man, "I'll father you, you Welſh ſon of a bitch: do you come here with your lies about your money, you ſon of a whore, and compare me to a monkey?" So catching up a broomſtick, he belaboured the poor Welſhman in ſuch a manner, that he was glad to get off, and leave his guinea behind him.

It is related of Juſtice Holt, that being once upon the bench at the Old Baily, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. He was moved by that curioſity which is natural upon a retroſpection on paſt life, to know the fortune of the cotemporaries with whom he was once aſſociated, and of whom he had known nothing for many years; he therefore aſked the fellow what was become of Tom ſuch-a-one, and Will ſuch-a-one, and the reſt of the knot to which they belonged. The fellow fetching a deep ſigh, and making a low bow, "Ah! my Lord," ſaid he, "they are all hanged but your Lordſhip and I.

Lun, the famous harlequin, uſed frequently to ſup at Jerry Lucas's, the Sun-Tavern in Claremarket, which has a door in one ſtreet and windows in another. One night, after the entertainment, he had got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun; it happened that as the fellow was driving by the window, Lun perceived it to be open, and threw himſelf out of the coach into the room; the coachman, having turned the corner, drove up to the houſe, and getting from his box, opened the coach-door, and let down the ſtep; then taking off his hat, he waited ſome time expecting his fare to alight, but at laſt looking into his coach, and ſeeing it empty, he beſtowed a few hearty curſes on the raſcal that had bilked him, and remounted his box, turned about, and was driving the ſame way back: as he paſſed again by the window, Lun

watched the opportunity, and again threw himself into the coach; he then looked out, and calling to the coachman, asked where the devil he was going, and bid him turn about. The fellow got down, and looked into the coach upon Lun with great amazement, and then, as he was ordered, turned about, and came once more to the Sun-Tavern door. When Lun got out, after reproaching the fellow for his stupidity, he would have given him his fare; "No, God bless your honour," says the man, "my master has ordered me to take no money to-night." 'Why then,' says Lun, 'he's a fool, and here's a shilling for yourself.' "No," says the man, who by this time had mounted his coach-box, "that won't do, I know you too well for all your shoes; and so, Mr Devil, for once you are outwitted.

An old woman that had never seen a monkey in her life before, and coming to Bedford market, saw one riding on a dog's back, and the dog running away with him. Says she, "I am afraid that young gentleman will fall by and by, he rides so fast." And when she saw he did not, then she cried out, "Well rid, young gentleman; well rid, young gentleman; in truth he's a good horseman."

Mr N——t, a worthy member of parliament, was one of those gentlemen who thought the late unpopular acts not so bad as they were generally represented; and therefore had voted both for the Jew bill and the bill for naturalizing foreign Protestants; upon which a great clamour was raised

againſt him by his conſtituents; and among the reſt an old gentlewoman made him this compliment. "Indeed, Sir, I ſhould be ſurpriſed at nothing that you do, were you to vote for the naturalization of all the infernal inhabitants of the other world, for a man can have no regard for his Saviour that voted for the baniſhment of old Chriſtmas-day.

A taylor having a quarrel with a fellow in the ſtreet, was obſerved to expreſs himſelf in the following terms:—"I'll trim him a dog; I'll ſtick in his ſkirts; I'll pick a hole in his coat, a ſcoundrel. Gentlemen, I don't value him of a button, not a ſhred. I'll bring it to a ſuit; he ſhall have a ſtone doublet. Does the raſcal think I am a gooſe? He has cut out work for himſelf. What though my fortune is a little overcaſt, I am not fine-drawn, as he is, a cabbage-fed blaggard. I've a good bottom. Nobody can ſay I'm without a ſtitch to my back. He may be as ſharp as a needle if he will; but he ſhan't break the thread of my diſcourſe. It is well he ſheered off, or I ſhould have baiſted the ſcoundrel."

An Iriſhman enquiring for one he wanted, at the place of his lodgings, was told by the landlady below, that if he went up two pair of ſtairs backward, he would find him. Teague miſtaking the woman, imagined the word backward, by which ſhe intended the ſituation of the room, denoted the manner in which he was to go to it; and accordingly thither he mounted with his arſe foremoſt, curſing his friend bitterly, when he had la-

boured to the top, for living in a place that he could not come at without a man taking ſuch a plaguy deal of pains, and turning his face behind him.

There are not in the world perhaps ſuch a ſet of ignorant wretches as the lower rank of papiſts in Ireland. A maid ſervant of the Roman Catholic religion, living there in a proteſtant family, was perſuaded by her miſtreſs one Sunday to go to the eſtabliſhed church, where the leſſons happened to be thoſe in which frequent mention is made of Mary Magdalen. The wench coming home, her miſtreſs aſked her how ſhe approved of the ſervice? "Faith Madam," ſays ſhe, "I liked it very well, but I little thought to hear the miniſter talk ſo much of *Molly M'Dillon*, our ſhoemaker's wife.

Some time after the Ho——ble Mr T—ſhend had given up his commiſſion in the guards, he went one morning to the parade, where Colonel Fitz——m, who was remarkable for being a tale-bearer to his R—l H—neſs the D—e, was looking over the exerciſe, in order that, if any thing was wrong, he might carry it. Upon ſeeing Mr T—ſhend, "What! T—ſhend," ſays he, "though you have left us, I ſee you ſtill come here as a *ſpectator*."—"Yes," ſays the other, "and you come here as a *tatler*."—This is one of the beſt puns that ever was let.

A citizen, telling the advantage which accrued to a perſon from being Lord Mayor of London; among the reſt, ſaid, that if he died in the mayor-

ality, he was allowed five hundred a year during the reſt of his life.

One Tetzel, a Dominican, and a retailer of indulgences, had picked up a vaſt ſum at Leipſic. A gentleman of that city, who had no veneration for ſuch ſuperſtitions, went to Tetzel, and aſked him if he could ſell him an indulgence before-hand for a certain crime, which he would not ſpecify, and which he intended to commit. Tetzel ſaid, "Yes; provided they could agree about the price." The bargain was ſtruck, the money paid, and the abſolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman knowing that Tetzel was going from Leipſic, well loaded with caſh, way-laid him, robbed him, and cudgelled him; and told him, at parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchaſed an abſolution.

Dean Swift, among other whimſies, took it into his head to have a feaſt once a year, in imitation of the Saturnalia, which in Heathen Rome was held about the time of our Chriſtmas, at which the ſervants perſonated their maſters, and the maſters waited upon them as ſervants. In this project he engaged ſeveral other perſons of taſte, and it was firſt put in execution at the Deanry-houſe. When all the ſervants were ſeated, and every gentleman placed behind his own man; the Dean's ſervant took an opportunity to find fault with ſome meat that was not done to his taſte, and, taking it up in his hand, threw it in his maſter's face, and mimicked him in every other foible which he had ever diſcovered in him. But the Dean,

whether he was mortified by the reproof, or provoked by the indignity, flew into a violent rage, beat the fellow, and put every thing into ſuch diſorder that the ſervants ran out of the room in a fright; and thus ended the Dean's Saturnalia.

New way to Pay old Debts.

Dufreme, a French dramatic author, was a man of conſiderable talents, but ſo expenſive and extravagant in his way of living, that he never had a livre to ſpare; and when he wanted money, he left no means uneſſayed to procure it. He owed his waſherwoman twenty louis d'ores. She preſſed him for the payment of it, giving for a reaſon that ſhe was juſt going to be married to a valet de chambre. What then, ſays Dufreme, you have got money beſides; for the devil's in't if any valet de chambre will marry you with ſuch a paultry portion as twenty louis d'ores. To be ſure I have, ſaid the girl, I have no leſs than 200 ducats beſides what you owe me.—Two hundred ducats, ſaid the poet, with ſome warmth! What the devil, throw away ſo much upon a valet de chambre? Give them to me, I'll be your huſband, and then the debt is paid; accordingly Dufreme married his waſherwoman, and ſaved the twenty louis d'ores.

When Count D'Eſtaing was encamped before Savanna, in Georgia, he took poſſeſſion of a houſe belonging to a worthy loyaliſt in that neighbourhood. There was in the houſe, together with others of the family, a little ſon of the gentleman who owned it, about eight or ten years of age: one day the child was called after dinner, and a

glaſs of wine was given him by one of the company, who at the ſame time aſked him for a toaſt. The boy, as he had been formerly taught, with a pretty air, ſaid, "Then here's God bleſs the King, and confound the Congreſs." The Count was much pleaſed, tapped the child upon the ſhoulder, called him a good boy, and told him he did right in wiſhing well to his King. Then filling a glaſs for himſelf, he ſaid, in an elevated tone of voice, which ſhewed him to be in earneſt, "I ſay, God d—n the Congreſs too, for they are all a pack of raſcals together."

Anecdote of Sir George Bridges Rodney.

When Sir George was appointed governor of Greenwich Hoſpital, very few of the penſioners were allowed great coats, and then only in conſequence of a petition approved by the weekly board, or an order from the Governor, who had authority to grant that indulgence. Sir George, the firſt winter of his governorſhip, had applications made as uſual, and required no better pretenſions, or greater eloquence than an old ſailor, and a cold day, to grant an order. The conſequence of this was, that great coats became ſo general, and the demand encreaſed ſo much, that the lieutenant governor, Mr Boys, took upon him to repreſent the Governor's conduct as reprehenſible at the next board. Sir George, who was preſent, go up, and expreſſing his ſurpriſe at the Lieutenant Governor's conduct, very calmly told him, "I have the greateſt reſpect for you as a man, who, by the greateſt merit, have raiſed yourſelf from the ſtation of a foremaſt-man to the rank of an admiral,

a circumſtance which not only does you the greateſt honour, but would have led me to have expected you as an advocate, inſtead of an oppoſer to ſuch a neceſſary indulgence; many of the men at the door have been your ſhip-mates, and once your companions. Never hurt a brother ſailor; and let me warn you againſt two things more, the firſt is, in future not to interfere between me and my duty as Governor; and the ſecond is, not to object to the poor men's having great coats, whilſt you are ſo fond of one, as to wear it by ſo good a fire as you are ſitting by at preſent. There are very few young ſailors that come to London without paying Greenwich Hoſpital a viſit, and it ſhall be the rule of my conduct, as far as my authority extends, to render the old mens lives ſo comfortable, that the young tar ſhall ſay when he goes away, 'Who would not be a ſailor, to live as happy as a prince in one's old age?"—And Sir George kept his word, and from that time every man is allowed a great coat.

Anecdote of the late Duke of Newcaſtle.

When the late Duke of Newcaſtle was at the head of the treaſury, a perſon who (as it is phraſed) lived upon his wits, and not being of the moſt timid diſpoſition, took it in his head to make application to the Duke, and, under the character of a reduced gentleman, endeavour to raiſe the wind; he accordingly one day went to his Grace's houſe, and enquired for the Duke; telling at the ſame time to the porter he had buſineſs of the greateſt conſequence to relate. The porter informed him, that previous to his ſeeing the Duke,

he muſt leave his name, and call next day, as was uſual, not only for him, but every gentleman, be he whom he would, to conform to that cuſtom, as ſtrangers were never admitted to his Grace till that was complied with. To which he replied, that his buſineſs was of ſuch a nature, that it was abſolutely neceſſary to do it directly, and begged that the Duke might be ſo informed. His Grace happening to hear this converſation, gave orders for the perſon to be admitted, which being immediately complied with, the Duke aſked him his buſineſs. The perſon anſwered, that he was a relation of his Grace's, and, through unavoidable misfortunes, was ſo much reduced in his circumſtances, that he was neceſſitated to make application for his Grace's bounty, in order to keep up the character of a gentleman, and from his Grace's known generoſity, he had been thus bold in his ſolicitations. He was aſked by the Duke his name; to which he replied, he ſuppoſed his name was unknown to his Grace, but that the relationſhip ſprung from Adam, as all mankind were deſcended from Adam and Eve. "Well," rejoined the Duke, "as you have proved to a demonſtration that you are a relation of mine, I will relieve you;" and immediately gave him a penny; obſerving, at the ſame time, that if the reſt of his brothers and ſiſters would ſubſcribe as liberally, he would ſoon be a much richer man than the Duke of Newcaſtle.

Monſieur H—y, the French Surgeon, of this town, meeting one day lately with an acquaintance, enquired of him if it was true that the change of

miniſtry was going to take place, and who was to ſucceed Lord North?—"It is reported," replied his acquaintance "that Fox is going to ſucceed him."—"What! Fox going to get his place!" exclaimed the Doctor, "then, by Gar, he vill not leave vone living gooſe in all de contrie."

The Counteſs of Eglington, one of the greateſt beauties in Scotland, fell under the diſpleaſure of her lord, for no other cauſe than that of having brought him ſeven daughters, and no ſon. His lordſhip went ſo far as to aſſure her, he was determined to ſue for a divorce. The lady replied, he need not do that, for ſhe would readily agree to a ſeparation, provided he would give her back what he had with her. He, ſuppoſing ſhe meant only pecuniary affairs, aſſured her, ſhe ſhould have her fortune to the laſt penny. "Na, na, my lord," that winna do; return me my youth, beauty, and virginity, and diſmiſs me as ſoon as you pleaſe." His lordſhip being unable to comply with this demand, ſpoke no more of parting with his lady, and before the year was out, ſhe brought him a ſon, who eſtabliſhed the content aud affection of his parents for each other.

A Preſbyterian preacher, who was explaining to his congregation the great benefits ariſing from the Sabbath, told them that among other excellencies of its inſtitution, was the proper choice of the day. The Jews, ſays he, kept it on the ſeventh; but we keep it on the firſt; and if it were on any other, 'it would make a broken week.'

A young deacon preaching in a church near Cambridge, juſt as he was in the height of his diſcourſe, a jack-aſs happened to enter the porch and fell a braying moſt hideouſly; "Hold brother, hold," (ſays the preacher, very gravely), "one at a time,—one at a time,—I beſeech you."

A clergyman, in the preſence of the late Mr Charles Churchill, was complaining of a perſon in company for his want of taſte; "for," ſays he, "if one ſays a good thing, it is loſt upon him." Mr Churchill archly aſked him the following ſatirical queſtion, "Did you ever try him, Sir?"

When Mr Garrick, in the character of Haſtings, was going off the ſtage, after repeating the following line:

"And die with pleaſure for my country's good."

a droll tar in the upper gallery cried out, after diſlodging a quid, "Avaſt brother, with your cheek-jaw and palaver! Lords an't ſo ready to die for Old England now adays."

A taylor, having mended a pair of breeches for one of his cuſtomers, was carrying them home, when he ſaw a funeral paſs by, attended by an apothecary that he knew.—"So maſter," ſays he to the apothecary, "I ſee you are carrying your work home too."

A Quaker, who had been ſued at law by a neighbour, and who came off ſecond beſt at the trial, was determined to be revenged of his adverſary. One day he accidentally met him, and accoſted

him in very civil terms: "Friend," ſaid he, "thee and I have had ſome little miſunderſtanding together, but as matters are now adjuſted, I hope we ſhall not continue at variance. Wilt thou dine with me to-day? I ſhall be very glad of thy company to partake of what my table affords." The other readily conſented; but before the Quaker took him into the room where they were to dine, he heated the wrong end of the poker almoſt red hot, and, taking it out, placed it in its proper ſituation by the ſide of the fire. He then uſhered in his friend; but before he had been there half a minute, "Friend," ſaid Aminadab, "as thou ſitteſt next the fire, I ſhall be obliged to thee, if thou wouldſt ſtir it." The other, not ſuſpecting the trap that was laid for him, innocently took up the poker, and burnt his hand in a moſt ſhocking manner. It is impoſſible to conceive the rage into which he was thrown by this revengeful artifice, and he abuſed the Quaker in the groſſeſt manner, though not ſo much as he deſerved. The Quaker made no other anſwer than this: "Friend, thou art only burnt in the hand, and that thou haſt deſerved theſe many years."

A woman, whoſe huſband was ill, went to Dr A——w with ſome of his urine in a urinal, to deſire him to preſcribe for him. The Doctor took the urinal out of the woman's hand, and after emptying it, made water in it himſelf. He then aſked her what trade her huſband was of, ſhe anſwered a ſhoemaker: "Why then," ſaid the Doctor, "do you take this water of mine to him, and if he can fit me with a pair of ſhoes by look-

ing at it, then will I preſcribe for him by looking at his water."

When Admiral Boſcawen was lying off Gibraltar, laſt war, with a deſign to intercept a French fleet that was in the Mediterranean, he wrote to Captain Barton, who at that time commanded the Litchfield, that the enemy was no great way off, and at the ſame time incloſed a liſt of the French fleet, but took particular notice of a new 74 gun ſhip which they had, and added, "Barton, may I be eternally d——d if I don't take that ſhip, and inſure to you the command of her."—She was the firſt that he took in that engagement, and procured the command of her for Captain Barton.—Such was the intrepid ſpirit of that brave man, and the punctual exactneſs wherewith he kept his promiſes.

In the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief, after a ſevere battle, which laſted from morning till evening, and terminated in favour of the Britiſh troops, a veteran ſoldier, exceſſively fatigued, was reſting on his arms, and looking very grave, Lord Stair coming by, aſked why he was ſo dull? "Dull! your honour? I am not dull; I am only thinking what a damn'd hard day's work I have done for a groat."

Dean Swift was very fond of his ſervants, whom on any neglect he puniſhed in a humorous manner, rather than with ſeverity.—His cookmaid, Katharine, had obtained leave to go to Rafarnam on a ſummer's evening; and being got about a

mile on the road, the Dean diſpatched a man and horſe after her, with a charge to bring her back directly to dreſs ſupper for ſome gueſts which he had not expected; but not to give her a lift on the horſe. She was very fat, and the weather being melting hot, when ſhe returned to the deanry-houſe, ſhe was all in a bath; and very gravely making a courteſy, aſked his reverence what were his commands? "Not much, Katharine," ſaid the Dean, "only you forgot to ſhut the door. You may go to Rafarnam." Poor Katharine, thus mortified, went down and undreſſed herſelf in tears, deferring the journey till another opportunity.

At the cloſe of the election at Lewes, the late Duke of Newcaſtle was ſo delighted with the conduct of a caſting voter, that he almoſt fell upon his neck and kiſſed him.—"My dear friend! I love you dearly. You're the greateſt man in the world. I long to ſerve you. What can I do for you?"——"May it pleaſe your grace, an exciſeman of this town is very old: I would beg leave to ſucceed him as ſoon as he ſhall die."—"Aye, that you ſhall with all my heart. I wiſh for your ſake, he were dead and buried now. As ſoon as he is, ſet out to me, my dear friend, be it night or day, inſiſt upon ſeeing me, ſleeping or waking: If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-inn fields; if I am not at Lincoln's-inn fields, come to court; if I am not at court, never reſt till you find me; not the *ſanctum ſanctorum*, or any place ſhall be kept ſacred from ſuch a dear, worthy, good ſoul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were

talking ſecrets together in the cabinet."—The voter ſwallowed every thing with great extaſy; and ſcraping down to the very ground, retired to wait in faith for the death of the exciſeman. The latter took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As ſoon as ever the Duke's friend was apprized of it, he ſet off for London, and reached Lincoln's-inn fields by about two o'clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time, been ſeized by a diſorder, which ſome of the Engliſh had been induced to believe, from particular expreſſes, he could not poſſibly ſurvive. Amongſt theſe, the noble Duke was moſt credulous, and probably the moſt anxious. On the very firſt moment of receiving this intelligence, he had diſpatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unuſual haſte, as ſoon as ever the death of his Catholic Majeſty ſhould have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the Duke would not retire to reſt till he had given the ſtricteſt orders to his attendants, to ſend every perſon to his chamber who ſhould deſire admittance. When the voter aſked if he was at home, he was anſwered by the porter—"Yes; his grace has been in bed ſome time, but we were directed to awaken him as ſoon as ever you came." "Ah, God bleſs him, I knew that the Duke always told me I ſhould be welcome by night or by day. Pray ſhew me up."—The happy viſitor was ſcarcely conducted to the door, when he ruſhed into the room, and in the tranſport of his joy, cried out, "My Lord, he is dead!"—"That's well, my dear friend; I'm glad of it, with all my

ſoul. When did he die?"—"The morning before laſt, and pleaſe your grace."—"What? ſo lately! Why, my good, worthy creature, you muſt have flown. The lightening itſelf could not travel half ſo faſt as you. Tell me, you beſt of men, how ſhall I reward you?"—"All I wiſh for, in this world, is, that your grace would remember your kind promiſe, and appoint me to ſucceed him."—"You, you blockhead! You king of Spain! What family pretenſions can you have? Let's look at you."—By this time the aſtoniſhed Duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was ſeen with rage and diſappointment. To have robbed him of his reſt might eaſily have been forgiven; but to have fed him with a groundleſs ſuppoſition that the king of Spain was dead, became a matter of reſentment. He was, at firſt, diſmiſſed with all the violence of anger; which preſently ſubſiding, his grace, unable to refrain from laughing at the oddity of the miſtake, ſent for him back, and with great good humour granted his requeſt.

A countryman having once loſt an aſs, came to the crier, deſiring him to give notice of it at the church-door, which he did three days together. But no news being heard of the animal, the owner urged the crier to continue his former proclamations, with the reward of a fat pig to the finder. The crier, being an arch wag, and tired with the fellow's importunity, one feaſt-day, when the ceremonies of public worſhip ended, and people flocked amain out of the church, he made this following proclamation: "If there be any man here

among you, who will come forth, and ſolemnly declare he never was in love, he ſhall have a fat pig."—An ungainly, loobily fellow, was ſtanding liſtening on his ſtaff, bawled out, "That he would ſafely take his oath, that he was the perſon who had never been in love." Whereupon the crier, taking him by the ſleeve, preſents him to the countryman, ſaying, "Here, friend, I have found your aſs, the pig is mine."

At the famous trial at Hertford, when a poor woman was brought in guilty of witchcraft by an ignorant and obſtinate jury, the judge expreſſed ſome diſſatisfaction at the verdict; the parſon of the pariſh therefore declared, that upon the faith of a clergyman, he believed the woman to be a witch. Why then, ſaid the magiſtrate, upon the faith of a judge, I believe you to be no conjurer.

Two Engliſh officers, after a night's lodging in the Highlands, found themſelves covered with vermin. One of them was very buſy in taking off the ſloweſt kind, which the other obſerving, cried out, "Z——ds, what are you doing?—Let us firſt ſecure the dragoons; we can take the foot at leiſure."

Mr J. B. fellow of St John's college in Cambridge, was a perſon of ſuch remarkable ſerenity and evenneſs of temper, that nothing was ever known to diſcompoſe him. One evening having ſat up later than uſual, at a friend's room in Jeſus, and being pretty far gone in liquor, he was very much preſſed to take the porter and a lan-

thorn with him, which, however, he could by no means be perſuaded to do. In order to go to St John's from Jeſus-College you muſt of neceſſity paſs through a church-yard, which when he arrived at, the claret growing too powerful for him, he fell down upon his back between two grave ſtones.—He made ſeveral efforts to recover himſelf, which when he found was to no manner of purpoſe, he folded his arms with great calmneſs, and was heard to ſay, "'Tis mighty well, I ſuppoſe I ſhall riſe with the reſt of them."

It is the cuſtom when the gentlemen are cut out of commons at Oxford, to BATTLE, and at Cambridge, to SIZE, as they term it, which is in plain Engliſh, to buy a dinner out of one's own pocket of the college-cook. Mr D——t having ſeveral times been tricked out of his dinner by the early attendance of his brother ſtudents, was determined to be even with them, and having one day poſſeſſed himſelf of a whole gooſe, he fell a punning through all the terms of backgammon. "Gentlemen," ſays he, "if I bate you an *ace*, *duce* take me, for it would be-*tray* a weakneſs, if a man could not *cater* for himſelf, therefore, *ſink* me if I don't make you all *ſize*."

The late Dr B—r—y, whoſe wit had too often a tincture of ill-nature, was one evening very hard upon Mr H——ll, who had been in great diſtreſs. H——ll took no notice of him at firſt, but ſuffered him to run on till he changed the ſubject, and amongſt other things, the Doctor mentioned his having been out of town for a week. "Aye,"

ſays Mr H——ll, "that was publiſhed in all the Saturday's papers." In what form, ſays the Doctor? "Why, DECREASED IN THE BURIALS THIS WEEK ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR."

A certain ſwaggering officer being in company with Mr Charles Br—nt, bragged egregiouſly of the numbers he had ſlain by his own hand abroad, inſomuch that by his account he had demoliſhed at leaſt five hundred. "Sir," ſays Charles, "I have killed in my time, let me ſee—five at Madrid—ten at Liſbon—twenty at Paris—thirty at Vienna, and double the number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had ſcarcely diſembark'd, before a deſperate ſon of a bitch of an Iriſhman KILLED me. —"Killed you!" ſays the officer, "Damn you, what do you mean by that?"—"Sir," replies Charles, "I did not diſpute your veracity—and why ſhould you queſtion mine?"

The preſent Biſhop of Soiſſons in France, who valued himſelf on the politeneſs of his addreſs, and was remarkable for having never uttered a rude expreſſion, was lately, by an indiſcretion, guilty of a piece of rudeneſs, ſufficient to make his good breeding be called in queſtion; and which ſhews the precaution that is neceſſary to be uſed in ſpeaking to ſtrangers. This prelate was at court, where obſerving a lady who was extremely corpulent talking to the Queen, and at the other end of the room a very genteel youth of a promiſing appearance, both of whom were utter ſtrangers to him, he addreſſed himſelf to the young gentleman, and

with a ſoft inſinuating air, after ſome compliments, aſked him, if he knew who that Fat Sow was, who was in diſcourſe with her majeſty? "Yes, my lord," replied the youth, with great modeſty; "That Fat Sow is the ambaſſadreſs of Sweden, and mother to the little pig who has the honour to ſpeak to your lordſhip." At this anſwer the Biſhop was ſtruck with confuſion, humbly begged pardon, adding, that he could not help feeling the greateſt eſteem for a perſon who had with ſuch mildneſs rebuked him for his brutality.

The late Duke of Queenſberry, when ſecretary of ſtate, made Mr Rowe ſecretary for public affairs; and when that nobleman came to know him well, he was never more delighted than when in his company. After the Duke's death, all avenues were ſtopt to his preferment; and during the reſt of Queen Anne's reign, he paſſed his time with the muſes and his books, and ſometimes with the converſation of his friends. While he was thus without a patron, he went one day to pay his court to the earl of Oxford, lord high-treaſurer of England, then at the head of the Tory faction, who aſked him if he underſtood Spaniſh well? He anſwered, No; but imagining that his Lordſhip might intend to ſend him into Spain on ſome honourable commiſſion, he preſently added, that in a ſhort time he did not doubt but he ſhould be able both to underſtand it and ſpeak it. The Earl approving of what he had ſaid, Mr Rowe took his leave, and immediately retired out of town to a private country farm, where, within a few months, he learned the Spaniſh tongue, and then waited

again on the Earl to give him an account of his diligence. His Lordſhip aſking him, if he was ſure he underſtood it thoroughly, and Mr Rowe anſwering in the affirmative, the Earl burſt into this exclamation; "How happy are you, Maſter Rowe, that you can enjoy the pleaſure of reading and underſtanding Don Quixote in the original!" This wanton cruelty, inflicted by his Lordſhip, of raiſing expectations in the mind, that he never intended to gratify, needs only to be told to excite indignation.

Killigrew was a man of very great humour, and frequently diverted King Charles II. by his lively ſpirit of mirth and drollery. He was frequently at court, and had often acceſs to King Charles when admiſſion was denied to the firſt peers in the realm. Amongſt many other merry ſtories, the following is related of Killigrew. Charles II. who hated buſineſs as much as he loved pleaſure, would often diſappoint the council by withdrawing his royal preſence when they were met, by which their buſineſs was neceſſarily delayed, and many of the council much offended by the diſreſpect thrown on them. It happened one day while the council were met, and had ſat ſome time in expectation of his Majeſty, that the Duke of Lauderdale, who was a furious ungovernable man, quitted the room in a paſſion, and accidentally met with Killigrew, to whom he expreſſed himſelf irreverently of the king: Killigrew bid his Grace be calm, 'for he would lay a wager of a hundred pounds that he would make his Majeſty come to council in leſs than half an hour.' Lauderdale, being a little

heated, and under the influence of ſurpriſe, took him at his word.—Killigrew went to the King, and without ceremony told him what had happened, and added, "I know your Majeſty hates Lauderdale, though the neceſſity of your affairs obliges you to behave civily to him; now if you would get rid of a man you hate, come to the council, for Lauderdale is a man ſo boundleſsly avaritious, that rather than pay the hundred pounds loſt in this wager, he will hang himſelf, and never plague you more." The King was pleaſed with the archneſs of this obſervation, and anſwered, "then Killigrew, I'll poſitively go;" which he did.

The late Prince of Wales, who, amongſt his other great qualities, was the patron of merit and the friend of mankind, was frequently viſited by perſons of diſtinguiſhed abilities, with whom he contracted a ſtrict intimacy; among theſe Mr Gl—v—r, who is as juſtly celebrated for the amiableneſs of his character, as for the qualifications of an orator and a poet, had a conſiderable ſhare in his eſteem. One day the Prince obſerved at his levee, that he had not ſeen this gentleman for ſome time, and aſking if he was well, was told that Mr Gl—v—r was under difficulties on account of ſome loſſes in trade, which had ſo diſcouraged him, that he was aſhamed to appear in his highneſs's preſence. The Prince replied, "I am ſorry for it;" and preſenting a bank note for five hundred pounds to a gentleman preſent, he added, "Carry this to Mr Gl—v—r as a ſmall teſtimony of my affection, and aſſure him from me,

that I ſympathize in his affliction, and ſhall be always glad to ſee him."

Mrs Behn, the celebrated wit, was in ſuch eſteem with King Charles II. that he thought her a proper perſon to be entruſted with the management of ſome important affairs during the Dutch war, in order to which ſhe pitched upon Antwerp as the place of her reſidence. As an ambaſſador, by her political intrigues ſhe diſcovered the deſign formed by the Dutch, of ſailing up the river Thames, and burning the Engliſh ſhips in their harbours, which ſhe communicated to the court of England. This ſhe effected by the intervention of a Dutchman. As an ambaſſador or negociator of her ſex could not take the uſual means of intelligence of mixing with the multitude, and buſtling in the cabals of ſtateſmen, ſhe fell upon another way, perhaps more efficacious, of working by her eyes. One Vander Albert had been in love with her before her marriage with Mr Behn, and no ſooner heard of her arrival at Antwerp, than he paid her a viſit; and after a repetition of his former vows, and ardent profeſſions for her ſervice, preſſed her to receive from him ſome undeniable proofs of the vehemence and ſincerity of his paſſion, for which he would aſk no reward, till he had, by long and faithful ſervices, convinced her that he deſerved it. This propoſal was ſo ſuitable to her preſent aim in the ſervice of her country, that ſhe accepted it, and employed Albert in ſuch a manner, as made her very ſerviceable to the king. The latter end of the year 1666, he ſent her word by a ſpecial meſſenger, that he would be with her

at a day appointed; at which time he revealed to her, that Cornelius de Wit, who, with the reſt of that family, had an implacable hatred to the Engliſh nation and the houſe of Orange, had, with de Ruyter, propoſed to the States the expedition above mentioned. This propoſal, concurring with the advice which the Dutch ſpies in England had given them, of the total neglect of all naval preparations, was well received, and was reſolved to be put in execution, as a thing neither dangerous nor difficult. Albert having communicated a ſecret of this importance, and with ſuch marks of truth, that ſhe had no room to doubt of it, as ſoon as the interview was at an end, ſhe diſpatched an account of what ſhe had diſcovered, to England. But her intelligence, though well grounded, as appeared by the event, being ſlighted, ſhe laid aſide all other thoughts of ſtate affairs, and amuſed herſelf during her ſtay at Antwerp with the gallantries in that city.

The hiſtories of England being altogether ſilent as to any diſcovery of the executioner who gave the fatal blow to the decollation of king Charles I. the following account (undoubtedly true) cannot be unacceptable to the public.—Richard Brandon, common executioner or hangman at that time, died upon Wedneſday, June 20. 1649, (within five months after the king's martyrdom.) The Sunday before he died, a young man of his acquaintance being to viſit him, aſked him how he did, "and whether he was not troubled in conſcience for cutting off the king's head?" Brandon replied, "Yes; becauſe he was at the king's trial, and

heard the ſentence denounced againſt him; which cauſed him to make this ſolemn vow and proteſtation, viz. Wiſhing God to periſh his body and ſoul, if ever he appeared on the ſcaffold to do the act, or lift up his hand againſt him. And he farther declared, that he was no ſooner entered upon the ſcaffold, to do that wicked act, but immediately he fell a trembling, and hath, ever ſince, to his death continued in the like agony. He likewiſe confeſſed, that he had 30l. for his pains, paid him in half-crowns, within an hour after the blow was ſtruck; and that he had an orange ſtuck full of cloves, and an handkerchief out of the king's pocket. As ſoon as he was carried off from the ſcaffold, he was offered twenty ſhillings for that orange, by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refuſed the ſame; but afterwards ſold it for ten ſhillings in Roſemary-lane.. About ſix o'clock that night he returned home to his wife, living in Roſemary-lane, and gave her the money, ſaying, "it was the deareſt money that ever he earn'd in his life;" which prophetical words were ſoon made manifeſt. About three days before he died, he lay ſpeechleſs, uttering many a ſigh and heavy groan, and in a moſt deplorable manner departed from his bed of ſorrow. For his burial, great ſtore of wine was ſent in by the ſheriff of the city of London, and a great multitude of people ſtood waiting to ſee his corps carried to the church-yard, ſome crying out, "Hang him, rogue; bury him in a dunghill;" others preſſing upon him, ſaying, "they would quarter him for executing the king;" inſomuch that the churchwardens and maſters of the pariſh were fain to come to ſuppreſs them;

and with great difficulty he was at laſt carried to Whitechapel church-yard, having a bunch of roſemary at each end of the coffin, and on the top thereof, with a rope tied acroſs from one end to the other.— The man that waited upon this executioner, when he gave the fatal blow, was a ragman in Roſemary-lane.

Mr Addiſon, in one of his papers, has expreſſed his approbation of a medal which was ſtruck by Queen Elizabeth, a little after the defeat of the invincible Armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the king of Spain and others, who were the enemies of that great princeſs, to derogate from her glory, aſcribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of ſtorms and tempeſts, than to the bravery of the Engliſh. Queen Elizabeth, inſtead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herſelf upon ſuch a ſignal favour of Providence, and accordingly on the reverſe of the medal above mentioned, has repreſented a fleet beaten by a tempeſt, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inſcription, "Afflavit Deus et diſſipantur."—"He blew with his wind, and they were ſcattered."

When Mr Witherilt belonged to Drury-Lane playhouſe, he uſed in the ſummer ſeaſon to go into the country with his family to play at ſeveral towns in Lincolnſhire, the county where he was born. Being at Grantham, his ſon was taken ill, and when he was ſummoned to attend his buſineſs in town, he ſent a letter excuſing himſelf to Mr

Wilks for a few days, becauſe his ſon was at the point of death. What follows is remarkable: The very night this letter was wrote, the ſon, in all appearance, expired, was ſtript and waſhed, the bed taken away, and he laid out upon a mat, with a baſon of ſalt placed on his ſtomach, according to the cuſtom of the country where he died; the inconſolable parents (for his mother was alſo of the company) removed to another lodging, the coffin was ſent into the deceaſed's chamber, and the windows all ſet open. About ten at night a perſon was ſent with a light to watch the corpſe. When ſhe opened the door, the firſt object ſhe beheld was poor Bob (as he was generally called by his intimates) ſitting up with his teeth chattering in his head, as well they might with cold. The woman in her fright, dropped the candle, and ſcreamed out "the devil!" The noiſe alarmed another woman below, who ran up ſtairs to ſee what was the matter. In the mean time, Bob, with much ado, had made a ſhift to get from the bed; and taking up the candle, which lay upon the floor unextinguiſhed, was creeping to the door to call for aſſiſtance, as naked as from the womb of his mother; which the women perceiving, with joint ſcreams repeated, "a ghoſt, a ghoſt! the devil, the devil!"—The maſter of the houſe hearing this uproar, ran himſelf to know the reaſon; where poor Bob, the ſuppoſed devil, and he ſoon came to a right underſtanding. He was put into a warm bed, to the unſpeakable joy of his deſponding parents, and in ten days after was in London, telling the ſtory of his own death.

Charles Hulet, the player, about 1710, was put prentice to a bookſeller. By reading of plays in his maſter's ſhop, he uſed to repeat ſpeeches in the kitchen, in the evening, to the deſtruction of many a chair, which he ſubſtituted in the room of real perſons in the drama. One night as he was repeating the part of Alexander, with his wooden repreſentative of Clytus, (an elbow chair) and coming to the ſpeech where the old general is to be killed, this young mock Alexander ſnatched a poker inſtead of a javelin, and threw it with ſuch ſtrength againſt poor Clytus, that the chair was killed upon the ſpot, and lay mangled on the floor. The death of Clytus made a monſtrous noiſe, which diſturbed the maſter in the parlour, who called out to know the reaſon; and was anſwered by the cook below, "Nothing, Sir, but that Alexander has killed Clytus."

Mr Kirkton, preaching in his meeting-houſe in the Caſtle hill of Edinburgh, adduced ſeveral inſtances of the poverty of righteous people; amongſt others, he had this very remarkable one: "Brethren," ſays he, "critics, with their frim frams, may imagine a hundred reaſons for Abraham's going out of the land of Chaldea, but I will tell you what was always my opinion. I believe Abraham, poor man, was forced to run out of the land of Judea for debt."

Laſt night died, at his apartments in Old-Bond-ſtreet, after an illneſs of ſix days, which he bore with the moſt perfect reſignation, the Lap-dog of a lady of diſtinction. On Sunday laſt he caught

a very violent cold, by having been left upwards of four hours in a damp closet, through the carelessness of a foot-boy. When released from the closet, his whole frame was in the most dreadful tremor; upon which he was put to bed; and many nutritives were given him, but without effect, for he could keep nothing on his stomach; however, the tremor gradually abated, and on Monday Dr Hill's Bardana was applied, but no relief was found even from this celebrated remedy; on Tuesday he was exceedingly costive, upon which some laxatives were administered, and on Wednesday he evacuated plentifully; on Thursday he was considerably better, and seemed in a fair way of recovery; but yesterday he relapsed, and expired as above mentioned. The foot-boy was carried before Justice F——, who committed him till the coroner's inquest should determine whether the lad was guilty of murder, or manslaughter.

A young fellow, making an attempt upon the chastity of a young girl, among other protestations declared he would marry her the next day, if she complied with his request. The young woman strenuously refused to gratify his wishes. "Your *scruples*," said he, "to a man that loves you as I do, are weak and frivolous, and have no weight." "They are such *scruples*," replied she, "as shall out-weigh many *drams* of your impudence and impertinence."

A person speaking in commendation of his absent friend, said, he was an honest man, and a very

good dyer. Another obſerved, that if he was an honeſt man he was fit to dye. Very true, replied the other, if a man is not a good liver, he is not fit to dye. A third perſon remarked, that if he had regularly ſerved an apprenticeſhip, he had a right to ſay with the Apoſtle, "I dye daily."—An Iriſhman put in his oar.—"Devil burn me, my dear," ſays he, "there is ſome colour for what you ſay about dying, for a man that is bred and born to be a dyer, has a right to dye every day of his life, or elſe how can he live?"

A gentleman, who has favoured the public with an elegant tranſlation of the works of Anacreon, ſaw ſometime afterwards another tranſlation of the ſame author advertiſed to be publiſhed. He haſtened to a bookſeller to purchaſe it, and, peruſing a few pages, thought it much inferior to his own. "Pray, Sir," ſays he, to the bookſeller, "what is this gentleman, who has given to the world a new tranſlation of Anacreon?" "He is a brewer," replied old Quarto.—"If that's the caſe," ſays the other, "we muſt give him *ſome grains of allowance.*"

When the debates were at the greateſt warmth in the Houſe of L—ds, ſome time ago, the witty Lord P——t, perceiving the lights were very dim, made a very formal motion, 'to have the candles ſnuffed, in order to throw ſome *light* upon the ſubject.'

A gentleman meeting a friend of his in the ſtreet, aſked him to go home and dine with him: "I am in a kind of diſhabille," anſwered the other,

" or I ſhould have no objection." " Pſhaw!" replied the firſt, " don't urge that as an excuſe, for I have no company but what you are intimately acquainted with :—I ſhall have nobody at my table but my old friend Bacon and Mr Green and Mrs Green." " If you have nothing but bacon and greens," refumed the other, " you ſhall have none of my company at dinner, for I have a particular averſion to that diſh."

Mr Iſaacs, the Jew, who was lately made a bankrupt, borrowed five hundred pounds of a perſon the very day before he failed. The perſon who had lent him the money, as ſoon as he ſaw his name in the Gazette, went to abuſe him for defrauding him of ſo large a ſum in ſo ſcandalous a manner, when he knew he muſt become a bankrupt in ſo ſhort a time. The Jew bade him be quiet, for, ſays he, ' I tink you ave de obligations to me for begar ven I did aſk you for five ondred pounds, my credit was ſo grande in de varlde, that if I had aſk'd you for more dan a touſand pounds you would ave let me ad it vid all your art. So old your tongue, and be tankful."

A citizen's wife, who was apt to tipple a little ſometimes, was one ſummer evening walking out with her huſband to take an airing. They had not gone far before the ſky appeared very cloudy, and a ſhower was expected. " It rains my dear ;" ſaid the wife. " Not yet, my dear," replied the huſband ; " but I fancy it will not be long firſt." " Indeed, my Johnny," ſaid the wife, " it rains now, for I have juſt this minute held up my face,

and a drop *fell into my eye.*" "You may imagine ſo," ſaid the huſband, "but, give me leave to tell you, that *you had a drop in your eye* before you came from home."

Upon the motion of the patriots, in a certain great aſſembly, to *defer* their enquiry into the *ſtate of the nation*, on account of their neceſſary attendance at the Lord Mayor's (*Beckford's*) ball, a perſon of wit obſerved, that they were like the politicians in the Rehearſal; one ſays;

"And now to ſerious council let's advance:"
The other ſays,
"I do agree;—but firſt, *let's have a dance.*"

One day laſt week a country gentleman, poſſeſſed of a ſmall eſtate in Yorkſhire, being quite tired of having attended the levee of a certain great man for ſeveral years to no purpoſe, waited on his Lordſhip to let him know that he would give him no farther trouble, as he had juſt got a place. My Lord ſhook him heartily by the hand, and told him he was extremely glad of his ſucceſs, making a thouſand apologies at the ſame time for not having had it in his power to reward him according to his merit.—"And pray, Mr S——, where is your *place?*" In the York machine, my Lord; I ſecured it yeſterday, and ſhall ſet off tomorrow morning—Your Lordſhip has entirely cured me of ambition."

When the *Eſſay on Man* was firſt publiſhed, it came out in parts, and without a name. A little after the appearance of the firſt, Mr Morris, who

has attempted ſome things in the poetical way, particularly a piece for muſic, which was performed in private before ſome of the royal family, accidentally paid a viſit to Mr Pope, who, after the firſt civilities were over, enquired of him, what news there was in the learned world; and what new pieces were brought to light? Morris replied, "That there was little or nothing; or at leaſt, little or nothing worth notice: that there was indeed a *thing* come out, called *an Eſſay on Man*, the firſt Epiſtle threatening more, for he had read it, and it was a moſt abominable piece of ſtuff, ſhocking poetry, unſufferable philoſophy, no coherence, no connection at all. If I had thought," continued he, "that you had not ſeen it, I would have brought it with me." Upon this, Mr Pope very frankly told him, "that he had ſeen it before it went to preſs, for it was his own writing, a work of years, and the poetry ſuch as he thought proper for the expreſſion of the ſubject; on which ſide he did not imagine it would ever have been attacked, eſpecially by any pretending to knowledge in the harmony of numbers." This was like a clap of thunder to the miſtaken bard: he reached his hat, and with a bluſh and a bow, took his leave of Mr Pope, and never more ventured to ſhew his unlucky face there again.

A Methodiſt was giving a neighbour of his a lecture againſt ſwearing; aſſuring him that if he diſregarded his admonition, and perſiſted in that wicked practice, he would certainly go to hell when he died. "If I do, I'll be damn'd," ſwore the other.

An Iriſhman called out of a three pair of ſtairs window, to a friend of his whom he ſaw in the ſtreet, and deſired him to come up ſtairs; the other excuſed himſelf, and ſaid he could not poſſibly ſpare time. "What," ſaid the honeſt Teague, "becauſe I have had misfortunes, and am *low* in the world, you are *above* coming up to ſee me. When I was in affluence, and lived upon a ground-floor, you con*deſcended* to viſit me; but now my indigent circumſtances oblige me to live *up* in a garret, you look *down* upon me."

A Cantabrigian being arrived in town, went to a tavern in Fleet-ſtreet, in order to ſend for a friend and ſup; but being very thirſty when he came in, he bid the waiter fetch him a *little porter* immediately; upon which the lad ran to the Temple, and preſently returned, introducing a little man, a ticket-porter, telling the gentleman he was the *leaſt porter* he could meet with.

A gentleman calling for ſmall beer at a friend's table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the ſervant, without drinking. "What!" ſaid the maſter of the houſe, "don't you like the beer? it is not to be found fault with." "No," anſwered the other, "we ſhou'd never ſpeak ill of the dead."

One who was formerly in good circumſtances, but had ſquandered away his eſtate, and had left himſelf no more neceſſaries than a ſorry bed, a little table, a few broken chairs, and other ſuch lumber, ſeeing a gang of thieves endeavouring to break

into his houſe one night, he bawled out to them; "Are you not a damn'd pack of fools, to think to find any thing here in the dark, when I can find nothing by day-light."

A drunken fellow having made away with all his goods, except his feather-bed, was at length obliged to part with that too; for which being reproved by ſome friends, "Phoo," ſays he, "I am very well, thank God, and why ſhould I keep my bed?"

A man having been at very high words with his wife, ſaid in a paſſion, he would never bed with her again; but not being poſſeſſed of two beds, he fixed a board in the middle of that one they had, to make a ſeparation. In this ſtate they continued ſome time, till one night, as they both lay awake, wiſhing for a reconciliation, but neither caring to make the firſt advances, the huſband chanced to ſneeze; upon which his wife kindly ſaid, "Heavens bleſs you, my dear."—"Do you ſpeak that from your heart?" ſays the man; "Indeed I do," anſwered ſhe: "Well then," ſays he, "take away the board."

Anecdote of the facetious Bonnell Thornton, Eſq; communicated by himſelf.

When he was a ſtudent at Oxford, having a natural turn for gaiety, and being a good deal circumſcribed in his finances, he was ſometimes obliged to have recourſe to ſtratagem for ways and means; he had lately had two new ſuits of cloaths, and anticipated his taylor's demands by a fictiti-

ous bill; for which, upon remitting it to his father, he received the amount by the return of poſt. The ſight of ſo much caſh, which he had been unaccuſtomed to, animated him with an uncommon flow of ſpirits, which were not to be indulged in ſcholaſtic exerciſes, ſo that he immediately ſet out for the capital; and having there equipped himſelf with a bag-wig and ſword, he accompanied his dulcinea to the play, in the pit. The ſecond muſic was ſcarce finiſhed, before his father came, and placed himſelf in the ſeat before him; and turning round, was a good deal ſtartled at ſeeing a figure that ſo much reſembled his ſon—"What, Bonnell!" ſaid he, "are you there?" But Bonnell, who knew nothing could befriend him but effrontery, reſolved to brazen it out, turned to his lady, and chatted with her, not paying any attention to the old gentleman's enquiries. His father was however very diſſatisfied, notwithſtanding Bonnell's diſguiſe, and retired before the play was finiſhed, much chagrined. Upon his return home, he found an intimate friend, to whom he communicated the cauſe of the mortification he had received, and added, that "he would burn his will, and cut ſuch an ungrateful raſcal off with a ſhilling—an unnatural ſcoundrel, who had publicly diſowned his father!"—Mr Thornton's friend endeavoured to ſoften his paſſion, and diſſuade him from ſo precipitate an act, ſaying, that he could not poſſibly think it was Bonnell Mr Thornton had ſeen, and that his dreſs was a proof of the miſtake. This, however, did not prevent his perſevering in the reſolution of deſtroying his will, till his friend agreed to ſet out early the next

morning for Oxford, and there receive ſatisfactory intelligence. Bonnell, convinced of his critical ſituation, ſet out poſt for Oxford as ſoon as the play was finiſhed, and got there time enough to be at morning prayers. His father arrived there with his friend in the evening, and upon enquiry, finding his ſon was at college, and had been at prayers that very morning; he returned fully ſatisfied with Bonnell's filial duty.

Three young ſparks going into a tavern, ſaw an elderly gentleman ſitting by himſelf. One of them went up to him, and ſaid, "Father Abraham, I am glad to ſee you." The ſecond entered the room, and ſaid, "Father Iſaac, I hope you are well." The third followed them, and ſaid, "Father Jacob, ſhall we drink a glaſs with you?" The old gentleman looked at them a ſhort time with an air of contempt, and then replied, "I am neither Abraham, Iſaac, or Jacob; but Saul, the ſon of Kiſh, who was ſent to ſeek his father's aſſes; and having found them, left them." So went out of the room, and ſhut them in it.

An old woman, who was famous for ſelling ale at Oxford, and to whoſe houſe there reſorted many of the ſcholars, ſeveral of them remarked, that they never ſaw their landlady at church; they inſiſted, that if ſhe valued their cuſtom, and hoped to have the continuance of it for the future, that on the ſucceeding and every Sunday following, ſhe ſhould conſtantly be there. She, like a woman who valued her intereſt more than her religion, told them that ſhe would be very willing to com-

ply with their requeſts. Accordingly, when Sunday came, ſhe arrayed herſelf in her beſt apparel, and taking her ancient claſp-bible, proceeded in great form to church: but being unuſed to the place, in ſermon-time ſhe fell faſt aſleep, and unluckily let her bible fall, which making a great noiſe, awakened her. She had forgot where ſhe was, and was thinking ſhe was at home, and that her maids had done ſome miſchief, ſtarted up in a great paſſion, with the following exclamation: "So, you ſlut, there's another jug broke, is there?"

Mrs Pilkington obſerved, that, by introducing her huſband in her Memoirs, ſhe had made him known; and that if he ever arrived at fame, or ever went to heaven, he muſt remain her debtor. "For," adds ſhe, "that cuckolds go to heaven, nobody ever yet diſputed. Were he one, he ought to thank me, who helped to ſend him thither. If I have beſtowed on him fame in this world, and ſalvation in the next; what could a reaſonable man deſire more from his wife? But ſome folks are never ſatisfied."

A gentleman telling a lady that a certain apothecary of her acquaintance was broke, and obliged to ſhut up ſhop; ſhe enquired the cauſe; to which the gentleman replied, "He was ſo honeſt a man, that inſtead of loading his patients with medicines, as is too common a practice, he adviſed them to take the wholeſome air, and, of courſe, loſt the profit ariſing from the ſale of his drugs." "Poor man!" ſays ſhe, "it is plain he could not live by the *air*, though his patients could."

When Quin lodged in the country, he turned his horſe to graſs, and loſt him; making an enquiry after him, he aſked a country fellow if they had any thieves among them, for his horſe was ſtolen? "No," ſays the clown, "we be all honeſt folks here; but they ſay, there is one Quin, I think they call him, a ſtrolling player from London, mayhap he may a'ſtol'n him."

One being at a ſermon, when a dry empty fellow preached moſt of his auditors out of the church, ſaid, "He had made a very moving ſermon."

One told another, who was not uſed to be cloathed often, that his new coat was too ſhort for him. "That's true," ſaid he, "but it will be long enough before I get another."

A young ſtudent, ſhewing the Muſeum at Oxon, to a ſet of gentlemen and ladies, among other things, produced a ruſty ſword: "This," ſays he, "gentlemen, is the ſword with which Balaam was going to kill his aſs." Upon which, one of the company replied, "That it is thought Balaam had no ſword, but only wiſhed for one." "You are right," ſays the ſtudent, "and this is the very ſword he wiſh'd for."

The ſtanders-by, to comfort a poor man who lay on his death-bed, told him, he ſhould be carried to church by four luſty proper fellows. "I thank you," ſays he, "but I had much rather go myſelf."

In 1722, Sir Richard Steele, who had formerly repreſented the towns of Borroughbridge in Yorkſhire, and Stockbridge in the county of Hants, was at a loſs where to make his election in parliament, as his finances were at that time a little diſordered; however, he was at laſt adviſed by his friend Hampden, to try Wendover in Bucks; which he did: and, in order to ſave expences, he thought of a ſtratagem that had the deſired effect. Inſtead of the uſual method of treating at every public houſe in town, he cauſed a handſome entertainment to be provided at the principal inn, and invited every married elector with his wife, to be preſent at it. All who know the character of Sir Richard, are ſenſible how capable he was to make ſuch a company immoderately merry, and to keep them ſo for more than an evening or two, if it had ſuited his purpoſe. Accordingly, he ſoon brought them to pitch, and in the height of their jollity, he took occaſion to addreſs himſelf to the ladies, telling them, that if what he was going to offer was agreeable to them, he hoped for their intereſt with their huſbands to chuſe him as their repreſentative in parliament for that borough.—The women were all impatient to hear what he had to ſay; and at laſt, ſaid Sir Richard, "Ladies, I hope there is none here but wiſhes herſelf the mother of man-child, and as an encouragement to uſe your beſt endeavours, I promiſe each of you twenty guineas for every male you ſhall bring into the world within theſe ten months, and forty provided you bring twins." The time when this was ſaid, and his manner of ſaying it, produced what he had imagined it would, a good deal of

love and a good deal of laughing; it gained upon the affections of the wives, and the wives got the voices of their huſbands; ſo that Sir Richard carried his election againſt a powerful oppoſition by a great majority.

Two ſcholars paſſing by a windmill, ſtood for ſome time viewing it; the miller looking out of a little wicket, aſked them what they would have, and what they ſtared at? "Why," ſays one of them, "we are looking at this thing; I pray, what is it?" "Why," ſays the miller, "don't you ſee? Where is your eyes? It is a windmill." "We crave your mercy, Sir," ſays the ſcholars, "we took it for a jail, ſeeing a thief look out of the window."

Maſter Crotch, the ſurpriſing muſical child, who, at the early age of two years began to ſhow his extraordinary muſical genius, one time performing before their Majeſties upon the harpſichord, accompanied by a violin; his Majeſty, in order to try the ſtrength of his riſing muſical abilities, ordered the muſician that was playing with him, to vary the keys ſeveral times in the piece of muſic which they were performing; but ſtill this young ſon of Apollo hit them all with the greateſt exactneſs;—at length, from repeated trials of the ſame nature, having nigh waſted his ſmall ſtock of patience, he at laſt compleated it, by ordering them to begin the piece again, after they had been half done; little Crotch turned to his Majeſty with the greateſt ſharpneſs, and ſaid, "Pray, Sir, don't be ſo ſilly; don't be ſo ſilly!"

In Dorſetſhire there is a monthly meeting of almoſt all the clergy in that county, who keep up, by that means, the greateſt harmony among one another that can be. At theſe meetings, the Reverend Mr Pit is a conſtant member. Mr Pit is an excellent ſcholar, a ſound divine, a good companion, and a friendly neighbour; but his talent of preaching is eclipſed by a bad voice. His coachman, who was a ſimple honeſt fellow, among other diſcourſes with the brethren of the cloth, that, like him, attended their maſters on thoſe occaſions, was wondering one day what ſo many parſons met ſo frequently together for. "Why, to zwap zermons, to be zure," ſaid a ready witted fellow who happened to be of the company. "Then," ſaid Mr Pit's coachman, very inoffenſively, "Ize zure they cheat my maſter, for he never gets a good one; and if that be the caze, if he would be rul'd by a fool, he ſhould never zwap another with them."

A man whom they were whipping in the city of York, walked ſo very ſlow, that a certain officious perſon, drawing near to him, ſaid, "Mend your pace, poor man, the ſooner to rid yourſelf of your ſhame and miſery." To whom the criminal replied, "When you are whipped, pray go what pace you pleaſe, as for me, I ſhall walk as I think proper."

EPIGRAMS, TALES, &c.

By Dr Swift.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and ran for his life.
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſcreen'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventured to give him ſome wholeſome advice;
But Tom is a fellow of humour ſo nice,
Too proud to take counſel, too wiſe to take warning,
He ſent to all three a challenge next morning.
He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,
Then went home again, and was thraſh'd by his wife.

The disappointed Husband.

A ſcolding wife ſo long a ſleep poſſeſs'd,
Her ſpouſe preſum'd her ſoul was now at reſt.
Sable was call'd, to hang the room with black,
And all their fare was ſugar-rolls and ſack.
Two mourning ſtaffs ſtood centry at the door,
And ſilence reigned, who ne'er was there before.

The cloaks and tears and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch-yard.
When, ſee of narrow ſtreets what miſchiefs come!
The very dead can't paſs in quiet home.
By ſome rude jolt the coffin-lid was broke,
And Madam from her dream of death awoke.
Now all was ſpoil'd! the undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes, and wine quite thrown away;
But ſome years after, when the former ſcene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
The tender huſband took eſpecial care
To keep the paſſage from diſturbance clear;
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in ſuch another fright.

Liars compared.

Such a liar is Tom, there's no one can lye faſter,
Excepting his maid, and ſhe'll *lie* with her maſter.

Epitaph on a Country Sexton.

Here lies old Hare, worn out with care,
Who whilom toll'd the bell;
Cou'd dig a grave, or ſet a ſtave,
And ſay *Amen* full well.
For ſacred ſong, he'd Sternhold's tongue,
And Hopkins' eke alſo;
With cough and hem, he ſtood by them,
As far as lungs wou'd go.
Many a feaſt for worms he dreſt,
Himſelf then wanting bread;
But lo! he's gone, with ſkin and bone,
To ſtarve 'em now he's dead.
Here take his ſpade, and uſe his trade,
Since he is out of breath;

Cover the bones of him, who once
Wrought journey-work for death.

On a bad Husband.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His ſpouſe is in deſpair;
With frequent ſobs and mutual cries,
They both expreſs their care.
A different cauſe, ſays parſon Sly,
The ſame effect may give,
Poor Lubin fears that he ſhall die,
His wife, that he may live.

The Royal Disaster.

'Twas at the Birth-night ball, Sir,
God bleſs our gracious Queen,
Where people great and ſmall, Sir,
Are on a footing ſeen;
As down the dance,
With heels from France,
A Royal Couple flew,
Though well ſhe tripp'd,
The lady ſlipp'd,
And off ſhe caſt her ſhoe;
Doodle, doodle, doo,
The P——ſs loſt her ſhoe;
Her Highneſs hopp'd,
The fidlers ſtopp'd,
Not knowing what to do.

Amaz'd at ſuch a pauſe, Sir,
The dancers to a man,
Eager to hear the cauſe, Sir,
Around the Princeſs ran,

Lord Hertford too,
Like light'ning flew,
And tho' unus'd to truckle,
Laid down his wand,
And lent a hand,
Her royal ſhoe to buckle,
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

The veſtal maids of honour,
Attentive to their duty,
All crouded cloſe upon her,
The Prince ſurvey'd their beauty,
Admir'd their zeal,
For's partner's heel,
But told them he conceiv'd
Though ſome falſe ſteps,
Made demi-reps,
This ſoon might be retriev'd.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

The Princeſs ſoon was ſhod, Sir,
And ſoon the dance went on;
'Tis ſaid ſome guardian god, Sir,
Came down to get it done;
Perhaps 'tis true,
Old ENGLAND too
Might dance from night to noon,
If ſlips of State
Amongſt the great,
Were mended half as ſoon.
Doodle, doodle, doo,
Egad 'tis very true,
Or late or ſoon
They're out of tune,
And know not what to do.

On a Gentleman who died next day after his Lady.

She firſt departed; he for one day try'd
To live without her; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Written on the Chamber-door of King Charles II.
By the Earl of Rocheſter.

Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whoſe word no man relies on;
Who never ſaid a fooliſh thing,
Nor ever did a wiſe one.

THE NUMSCULL.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you pleaſe, there's nobody at home.

SOLID WORTH in a WIFE.

When Loveleſs married Lady Jenny,
Whoſe beauty was the ready penny;
"I choſe her," ſays he, "like old plate,
"Not for the faſhion, but the weight."

A MAN in LOVE.

By Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

The man who feels the dear diſeaſe,
Forgets himſelf, neglects to pleaſe;
The crowd avoids, and ſeeks the groves,
And much he thinks, when much he loves;
Preſs'd with alternate hopes and fears,
Sighs in her abſence; ſighs when ſhe's near.
But moſt he ſhuns the vain coquet,
Contemns her falſe affected wit;
The minſtrel's ſound; the flowing bowl,
Oppreſs and hurt the am'rous ſoul.

'Tis nought but ſolitude can pleaſe,
And give ſome intervals of eaſe;
He feeds the ſoft diſtemper there;
And fondly courts the diſtant fair:
To balls, the ſilent ſhade prefers,
And hates all other charms but hers.
When thus your abſent ſwain can do,
Molly, you may believe him true.

EPIGRAM.

I gave, 'twas but the other day,
My Chloe a ticket to the play;
'Tis Love ſuch tricks imparts;
When, holding up the card to me,
She laughing, ſaid, "Your emblem ſee;"
And ſhew'd the knave of hearts.

Amaz'd, I cry'd, "What means my fair;
"A knave will lye, will ſteal, will ſwear;
"I pray your words define."
She ſmiling, ſaid, "Nay, never ſtart,
"He's ſure a knave that ſteals a heart,
"And you have ſtolen mine."

WOMEN the BEST POLITICIANS.

One night plump Sue and coachman Ned,
A bargain ſtruck, in haſte to wed;
A crown was ſtak'd, the pair conſented
To loſe their pledge who firſt repented:
Time for the matrimonial farce,
To-morrow comes—Ned hangs an arſe.
Of bad the beſt poor Sukey makes,
And, angry, claims his forfeit ſtakes:

Ned frankly paid it, as agreed,
Of a worſe bargain to be freed;
Quoth he, thou'rt welcome; on my life,
A cheap divorcement from a wife.
The crafty quean, who feign'd a while,
Soon anſwer'd, with a jeering ſmile,
"Ah, fool, 'tis well you firſt relented,
"I'd loſt—had you but ſeemed contented:
"Gladly your freedom I'll reſtore,
"One ſhilling ſpend, and pocket four."
Ladies, lay Ovid's rules apart,
In love learn thriftier Suſan's art.

EPIGRAM.

On being turned out of a public houſe, after having ſpent all his money; written with chalk on the window-board,

By the late JAMES DUFFIELD, Eſq;

Has God alone perfection, do you ſay,
When many perfect things we ſee each day?
The poor have ſome perfections—ſome the rich,
Here's mother Daſhwood—ſhe's a *perfect* b—h.

Part of the Prayer of a Scotch Parſon on a former diſmiſſion of a Miniſtry.

There's ſic a dirdum and a din,
Sic turning out, ſic turning in:
Gude Lord we kenna what to do,
Nor yet whilk hand to turn us to!

The contented Farmer.

I eat, drink, and ſleep, and do what I pleaſe,
The King at St James's can only do theſe.

From an Ancient Manuscript

There was a man whoſe name was ſemper idem;
And by his trade he was mercator quidam.
He had a wife, who was not tall nor brevis:
But by her actions, ſhe was counted levis.
He to content her, gave her all things ſatis:
And ſhe to requite him, made him cuckold gratis.

On an old Scold.

Scylla is toothleſs, yet when ſhe was young,
She had both teeth enough, and too much tongue,
What ſhall we then of toothleſs Scylla ſay?
But that her tongue has worn her teeth away.

Verſes on a Farmer's Daughter.

Let wanton bards a nymph implore,
  Which they in fancy'd colours dreſs;
A real goddeſs I adore,
  For Betty, ſure, is nothing leſs!
When Betty roaſts or boils the meat,
  She does it with ſuch charming ſkill,
With more than common gout I eat,
  And never think I have my fill.
When Betty hands the wine around,
  Her eyes to nectar change the grape;
Its power does the heart confound,
  And lets the weaker head eſcape.
Her words as ſoft as Zephyrs blow,
  And muſt with all mankind prevail:
Her breaſts as white as pudding ſhew;
  She ſmiles as ſweet as bottl'd ale.
When e'er my paſſion I repeat,
  Or try her lovely form t' embrace,

She does with rage my tranſports meet,
And hurls the diſh-clout in my face:
No longer, Betty, frown and fight,
Nor to your ſwain a kiſs deny;
But let me ſafely ſip delight,
And lay th' uplifted patten by.

The NEW-YEAR'S GIFT. Preſented with a pair of Silk-Stockings to a young Lady.

To pleaſe the fair, in courtly lays:
The poet plays his part,
One tenders ſnuff, another praiſe,
A tooth-pick, or a heart.
Alike they all, to gain their end;
Peculiar arts diſcloſe,
While I ſubmiſſive, only ſend
An humble pair of hoſe.
Long may they guard from cold and harm,
The ſnowy legs that wear 'em.
And kindly ſpread their influence warm,
To every thing that's near them.

The PRIEST DECEIVED.

A certain prieſt had hoarded up
A ſecret maſs of gold;
But where he might beſtow it ſafe,
By fancy was not told.
At length it came into his head
To lock it in a cheſt
Within the chancel, and he wrote
Thereon, Hic Deus eſt.
A merry wag, whoſe greedy mind
Long wiſh'd for ſuch a prey,

Regarding not the ſacred words
That on the caſket lay;
Took out the gold and blotted out
The prieſt's inſcript thereon;
Wrote Reſurrexit! Non eſt hic,
Your god is roſe and gone.

EPIGRAM.

"I ſwore," ſaid Louis, t'other day,
"My fleets ſhould rule the ſea,
And reckon'd Britain muſt give way
To angry Spain and me!"
Says Neptune, "I, who heard the boaſt,
Swore George ſhould rule the main;—
You reckon'd, friend, without your hoſt,
So reckon o'er again!"—

The FORTUNATE SAILOR.

Honeſt Jack, and his wife, once to ſea took a trip,
When a ſudden croſs wind overſet the light ſhip,
Hand-in-hand over deck went this couple together,
Suſan ſunk like a ſtone, and Jack ſwam like a feather;
"Thank my ſtars!" ſays the man, ſafe eſcap'd from the flood,
"'Tis a bad wind indeed that blows nobody *good*."

EPIGRAM.

Giles Jolt, as ſleeping in his cart he lay
Some pilf'ring villains ſtole his team away.
Giles wakes, and cries—"What's here a dickin, what!
Why, how now, am I Giles?—or am I not?

If he,—I've loſt ſix geldings to my ſmart:
If not,—odds boddikins, I've found a cart."

EPIGRAM.

With folded hands and lifted eyes,
" Have mercy, Heav'n," the parſon cries,
" And on our ſun-burnt thirſty plains,
" Thy bleſſing ſend in genial rains:"
The ſermon ended, and the pray'rs,
The parſon to be gone prepares,
When with a look heighten'd in ſmiles,
" Thank Heaven, it rains," cries Farmer Giles.
" Rains!" quoth the parſon, " ſure you joke!
Rains! Heaven forbid—I han't a cloak."

ANOTHER.

To Waſteall, whoſe eyes were juſt cloſing in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door;
" In peace," cry'd the wretch, " let me give up my breath,
And Fate will ſoon rub out my ſcore."
" Come, bailiffs," cries Doll, " (now I'll hamper this cheat!)
Let the law be no longer delay'd,
I never once heard of that fellow call'd *Fate*,
And by G—d he ſhan't die till I'm paid."

ANOTHER.

Would honeſt Tom G——d* get rid of a ſcold,
The torture, the plague of his life!
Pray tell him to take down his lion of gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

* *Landlord of the Golden Lion, an Inn in Yorkſhire.*

The Loyal Pair.

"I'll liſt for a ſoldier," ſays Robin to Sue,
"To avoid our eternal diſputes."
"Ay, ay," cries the termagant, "do Robin, do,
I'll raiſe, the mean while, freſh recruits."

A Court Audience.

Old South, a witty churchman reckon'd
Was preaching once to Charles the ſecond,
But much too ſerious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a ſport:
He ſoon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor ſtopp'd; began to call,
"Pray, 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
My Lord! why, 'tis a monſtrous thing!
You ſnore ſo loud—you'll 'wake the king."

Extempore, on Foote's Death.

Ye punſters, and jokers, and witlings give o'er,
What farther of Foote would ye have?
Though the table he knew how to ſet in a roar,
Let the man reſt at eaſe in his grave.

As you cannot affect him by all that you ſay,
Prepare, then, yourſelves for the ſtroke;
Though "Life be a jeſt," as it paſſes away,
Believe me, that *Death is no joke.*

FINIS.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY